Reminiscences of Old Northampton

1840 — 1850

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Book

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OLD CHURCH, COURT HOUSE, WHITNEY BUILDING, PARK SEE PAGE 1.

REMINISCENCES

OF

OLD NORTHAMPTON

SKETCHES OF THE TOWN AS IT APPEARED FROM 1840 to 1850

BY

HENRY S. GERE

EDITOR OF HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

1902

INTRODUCTORY.

The Reminiscences of Old Northampton, contained in this book, were mostly written in a series of eight articles of three to four columns each, and published in the Hampshire Gazette in the spring of 1902. There had been published in the Gazette a considerable number of old-times articles by some of the older residents of the town, and when these were completed the writer undertook to give some of his recollections of his early years here. So, sitting in his easy chair, in the long days and evenings of the winter, book and pencil in hand, he put upon paper these sketches. They were written with no thought that they would appear in any other than newspaper form, but they awakened so much interest, especially among the older people, that there was a call for their publication in a form more convenient for reference and preservation. Some additions and corrections have been made, and such illustrations are given as serve to present a good view of the center of the town when it was a rural abode of unusual beauty. The aim was to bring to view, in a concise form, as much of the old-time aspect of the center of the town as could be gathered. People come and go; generations pass away; memories fade and disappear; but that which is recorded remains and abideth forever. Some of the facts herein given may seem unimportant, but they are a part of the notable history of this notable town, and in the coming years interest in them may increase. As such, they are given to the public, and respectfully dedicated to the coming generations.

H. S. G.

CHAPTER I.

VALUE OF PARTICULARS OF OLDEN TIMES—BOY COMES TO TOWN—WORKS FOR C. C. NICHOLS—NEW ENGLAND GUARDS FROM BOSTON MAKE THE TOWN A VISIT—THE BUGLE OF THE OLD CANAL—TIPPECANOE AND TYLER, TOO, CAMPAIGN OF 1840—SUNDAY NIGHT POLITICAL RALLIES—FEW HOUSES ON UPPER ELM STREET.

> I love everything that's old: old friends,
> old times, old manners, old books, old wine
>
> *Goldsmith*

Stirred by reading the very interesting reminiscences of "Old Northampton" by some of its "old-timers," which have recently appeared in the Gazette, I have written out some of my own recollections of the town, as it appeared to me in the earlier years of my residence here. I may not be able to give much that is new to the older residents now living, but what I may chronicle may awaken in them some old memories, which it will be pleasant to recall once more. I am moved to do this now, while I am physically able to do it, for I realize that the coming years for me are, at most, but few.

It was a happy thought that prompted the preparation and publication of these reminiscences of the olden days at this time, for soon there will be few, if any, here living, who can boast of a residence in the town dating back to 1840. When these few are gone, who, then, will tell of the people and events of those early times, now of so much interest? I look around me and see but a small number of men of my age, who have lived fifty or sixty years in Northampton. A few years ago there were many such. But in the last few years their ranks have been sadly

thinned. The "old-timers" who occasionally come back to the place of their birth from far away, like Isaac Parsons and his brother, "Colonel Joe," sons of old "Cap'n Sam," and Col. Clark of Washington, son of Isaac Clark, the druggist, and Judge Charles A. Dewey of Milford, son of a supreme court judge bearing the same name, they walk our streets looking in vain for the familiar faces and forms which they used to see here. Gone they are, and sadly missed, the old-timers of the past, and with them has gone the rich memory of the eventful years in which they lived.

It is wise now, for the living to chronicle what they can of the appearance of the town and of the manners and customs of the people in the early times. Some of the things thus chronicled may seem of small importance to the new-comers, those whose interest in bygone matters is little, but, as the years increase, these small things may become of large magnitude. What would we, the few that are left of the "old guard," give for a minute description of the old town as it appeared a hundred years ago? And what a priceless thing it would be, if the veil could be lifted and we could see the town and its people at a much earlier date. What curiosity and pleasure would fill one's soul if he could look into the "old church" on a Sunday service in the eighteenth century and view the preacher and the congregation. Their quaint dress, their plain manners, their devotional attitude, their systematic arrangement of sitting in the pews in the order of standing in the community, the curious pews, the more curious pulpit, the elevated "sounding board," the old-fashioned choir, the old-time singing, the old-time chorister, the old-time deacons, seated in front, the unique service, the long prayer, the longer sermon, the standing in prayer time, the tythingman,—all these, with the primitive architecture of the "meeting house," the bell rope near the front entrance, the horsesheds in the rear, would give a charm to the picture far outranking anything visible in these later days or that has been handed down to us from the "old masters."

What would be the value of a view of Gov. Strong, and Major Joseph Hawley, and Dr. Ebenezer Hunt, and Col. Seth Pomeroy, and Asahel Pomeroy, and Col. John Stoddard, as they appeared in our streets, and at their homes, and in the church, and the town meetings? And if one could see Jonathan Edwards, as he appeared in the pulpit of our "old church," or walking in these streets, what a pleasure it would be.

But those scenes are gone and forever closed. The past can only be viewed by what is recorded. Therefore I write. And let him who reads and feels inspired to add to the record of these reminiscences, let him write also.

WORKS FOR THE NOBILITY IN THE YEAR OF THE GREAT HARRISON CAMPAIGN.

The writer's recollections of Northampton date back to 1840, when, a lad of twelve years, he spent the spring, summer and fall of that year doing chores and various other work for Charles C. Nichols, who then owned and occupied the fine residence on Prospect street now owned and occupied by Henry R. Hinckley. Mr. Nichols had been a merchant in Boston and came to Northampton in his later years to spend at his ease his remaining days and the wealth which he had accumulated. He was a relative of the Whitmarshes, Samuel and Thomas, who then lived where Mr. Frank Lyman and Col. H. L. Williams now reside in ward four. The Whitmarshes were at that time extensively engaged in the cultivation of the mulberry and the feeding of silkworms for cocoons. The mulberry and silkworm fever was at its height. Mr. Nichols was engaged in that for a time exhilarating business and had a cocoonery in the loft of the long shed in the rear of his house. When the worms were fed with mulberry leaves they made a noise, which was perceptible at a considerable distance. He had a large mulberry field opposite the poor-house, and my first night in town was spent in a small house that stood on that lot and was occupied by a quack doctor named Roberts.

In the morning they mounted me on a very large horse and set me at work riding him back and forth among the mulberry trees, cultivating them after the manner of corn cultivation.

THE NEW ENGLAND GUARDS COME TO TOWN FROM BOSTON.

In July, 1840, the town was honored with a visit from the New England Guards of Boston, a fine military company, under the command of Capt. Bigelow. This visit of the Guards stirred the town like the coming of a triumphant army. It was arranged that when the Guards should reach the borders of the town a signal should be given to notify the inhabitants. So, when the Guards arrived at Hockanum ferry, a cannon stationed on the summit of Round Hill boomed forth the announcement.

They came on a Monday and remained until Saturday, camping on the northeasterly slope of Round Hill, near where the houses of Judge Bassett and L. A. Dawson now stand on Crescent street. They were accompanied by Kendall's famous military band, which stirred the town with its fine martial music. I remember seeing the Guards march through Prospect street, to their camping-ground. It was a great sight, for a boy—the Guards from Boston! There was a large collection of boys flanking the Guards as they marched, and among the number was "Kitty Clarke," since grown to be our respected citizen and city forester, Christopher Clarke. The zeal which he displayed in keeping close to the band made quite as enduring an impression upon my mind as the music and the soldiers. The Guards were entertained at a picnic given by the ladies and held in Hubbard's grove on the bank of the Connecticut river about a mile north of the village. The Guards afterwards entertained the ladies and gentlemen of the town at their camp. Music and dancing were in order at both entertainments.

At that time, Moses Breck lived in an old brown house that stood on Elm street, opposite the Prospect street junc-

tion. He had had a great deal of trouble arising from his excessive zeal in the temperance cause, and his buildings were set on fire several times. The late William F. Quigley worked for Mr. Breck that summer, and I remember seeing him gathering the hay crop on the Napier lot, now owned by Oscar Edwards.

The Talbots lived on the Judge Howe place, now the Capen school, and there was no house between the Talbot place and the Henshaw place, now owned by Bishop F. D. Huntington. The place now occupied by Dr. Blodgett and previously by Henry Bright was then known as the "Bowers place." It embraced all the land on the east to King street, on which street there was no building, and none of the land could be bought. Jabez French, carpenter, father of the late Marvin M. French, lived on the north corner of Prospect and Summer streets, and Edward Clarke, brother of John Clarke, the merchant and banker, lived on Round Hill, his house now forming a part of the buildings of the Clarke Institution.

Mr. Nichols had a cow pasture northwesterly of Round Hill, entering it through a gate at the northerly end of Franklin street, near what was called the "farm house." This "farm house" was connected with the Round Hill school of Cogswell & Bancroft when it was in successful operation from 1823 to 1835. The pasture lot is now crossed by Arlington and Massasoit streets, and is well covered with houses. On the way to and from this pasture with Mr. Nichols' cow I used to stop occasionally in the cider season at the cider mill of Ansel Jewett, opposite his residence on Elm street. Mr. Jewett was a man rather short in stature, but he made up in activity what he lacked in size. The cider mill was about where the Paradise road is now. The apples were unloaded on the east side of the mill and the cider drawn off in the basement opening on the west side.

THE OLD CANAL.

The New Haven and Northampton canal was in a waning condition in 1840, but boats were running. I distinctly remember hearing, on a pleasant summer morning, the music of the bugle which was used on the boats to announce their arrival and departure after the manner of the bugle announcement of the coming of the old stage coaches. The boat which had this bugle music was passing at a point near Park street. The storehouse now used for Warren's livery stable and a blacksmith's shop was in use for storing goods for transportation. In the winter of 1841-42, while attending school at Williston Seminary, I skated from Easthampton to Northampton and returned on the canal. The canal was but little used after that time and went to decay rapidly at the opening of the railroad in 1845.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1840—"TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO."

In the year 1840 occurred the great Presidential campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," the log cabin and plenty of hard cider. There was great excitement in this region and all over the country. It seemed to be a campaign of hurrah quite as much as of argument.

There was a monster Whig meeting in Northampton on the 25th of March. People came in from all the surrounding towns in vast numbers, blocking the roads in all directions. All had to come with their own teams, as there was no other means of conveyance. A log cabin was erected in front of the old church, and another log cabin was made at Leeds, then called Shepard's Hollow, or "Factory Village," and drawn in on wheels by eight horses. This cabin was made under the direction of Capt. Sereno Kingsley, afterward of Haydenville, who then worked for Thomas Musgrave, the head of the woolen factory at Leeds. It was received with a great demonstration in the center, and finally was left on exhibition in front of the church. There

were forty-five men on and in the cabin when it was drawn into town, and the combined weight of the cabin and men was estimated at five tons.

This Whig meeting was held in the "old church," and the number present was said to be 2,500, filling the meeting-house to overflowing. There were large delegations from every town in the county, from Ware to Worthington, and also many from outside the county. A large delegation came from Westfield, marching into the church while the meeting was in progress, and being received with cheers. This was one of the largest Whig meetings held in the state that year outside of Boston. Hon. Lewis Strong presided and speeches were made by Myron Lawrence of Belchertown, Isaac C. Bates and Chas. P. Huntington of Northampton, George Ashmun of Springfield and Gen. James Wilson of New Hampshire. Mr. Bates's speech is described as "very eloquent and highly finished." Gen. Wilson spoke for two hours and a quarter, and captivated his hearers. A Whig glee club, of which Augustus Clarke was an active and prominent member, sang songs, and the meeting was in session from five to six hours, with an abundance of enthusiasm, adjourning at five o'clock to partake of a cold lunch in the town hall, consisting of roast beef, boiled ham, bread and cheese, and "nut cakes."

"Hard cider" was a prominent cry in this campaign among the Whigs, but in deference to the prevailing temperance revival in this region at that time not much was said about it in print. Waldo H. Whitcomb says that his father, David B. Whitcomb, told him repeatedly that hard cider was freely used during the day of this Whig meeting, a barrel of it being on tap in the log cabin, and that Lewis Strong, who presided at the meeting, called for "another pitcher of that hard cider" to be passed up to him to refresh the speakers.

The people of the present times have but a faint idea of the tremendous excitement that prevailed in that campaign. There was a craze which filled the air and carried all before

it. The country was swept by the Whigs. The states did not then vote for President on the same day, but scattered along from time to time. As state after state came in for Harrison their names were painted on long, narrow strips of canvas, which were hung from a flagstaff that stood in front of the old town hall below the court house.

Other Whig meetings were held in this region, including one at Westfield and another at Springfield. The one at Westfield was attended by a four-horse omnibus load of Whigs from Northampton. I was present at Warner's tavern when this load of enthusiastic Whigs returned, and heard them give three cheers for "Old Tip." My recollection is that Moses Breck was with this party and was the one who called for and led in this round of cheers. In 1844 he was as strong an abolitionist as he was then a Whig.

There was a song which the Whigs used in this campaign with great effect. It began with :—

What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
Our country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van,
Van; Van is a used up man;
And with them we'll beat little Van.

And he was beaten, badly. The electoral votes stood—Harrison 234, Van Buren 60.

Although it was known soon after the last elections were held that Gen. Harrison was elected, the precise result was not ascertained in Northampton until about a month later. News traveled slowly in those days of stage-coaches and twenty-five cent postage.

SUNDAY POLITICAL RALLIES.

It was the practice of the Whigs to hold a political rally on the Sunday night next preceding the election. The custom in those days was to observe Saturday night as a part of Sunday, and Sunday was considered to close with the setting of the sun. There was a Whig rally in the town

hall on the last Sunday night before the election of 1840. This practice of Sunday night political meetings was used as a weapon by the Democrats, who denounced it severely, not because they were more pious than the Whigs, but because it was an effective illustration of a lack of proper respect for the Sabbath day, and it was discontinued a few years later.

FEW HOUSES ON UPPER ELM STREET.

There was at this time only one house on the southerly side of Elm street, between the junction of Prospect street and the residence of Sylvester Judd, just west of Paradise road. That one was a small one-story dwelling, occupied by Capt. Jonathan P. Strong, brick mason, a large, stout man. The brick house built by Benjamin S. Lyman now stands on the site of Captain Strong's house. Captain Strong was elected one of the town's four representatives in the legislature in 1832, and he had a swallow-tailed broadcloth coat made for him in the best style of those days, which he wore while attending the sessions of the general court. This coat was carefully preserved by Captain Strong, and nearly sixty years later, long after he was dead and had gone to his reward, it was worn at a "deestrict school" exhibition in the Edwards church parlors. It is still in existence and in the possession of ex-Mayor John L. Mather of Elm street. From the Judd house west, there were four houses, the last being the Allen Clark place. That stood where J. C. Hammond's house now stands. The other houses were the residences of Armanda Wood, Mrs. Eunice Hunt, ("Aunt Eunice," as she was generally called) occupied in part by William M. Witherell, and Elihu Clark, father of our present city treasurer. Beyond the Allen Clark place there was only one house until Vernon street was reached. This was a little one-story affair that stood lengthwise to the street, and was the residence of John Eden, an aged Englishman, who will be further spoken of later in these sketches. On the north side of Elm street there was no house west of Franklin street.

THE FRONTISPIECE.

OLD CHURCH, COURT HOUSE, WHITNEY BUILDING, PARK AND LIBERTY POLE.

The picture of the Old Church, Court House, Whitney building, park and liberty pole, which appears as the frontispiece of this book, was taken in 1864, and is the best picture of the view given in existence. It was taken at the instigation of the late George D. Eames, who then owned the Whitney building and carried on the tinning and plumbing business there many years. The picture as taken for Mr. Eames is sixteen and one-half inches long and twelve inches wide, and is remarkably clear. It was taken in the late fall or early spring, as is shown by the blanket on the horse standing in front of Eames & White's store and the bare trees. You see the outlines of the buildings and park very distinctly; the stone steps and iron railings of the church and court house; the small panes of glass in the windows; the stone posts in front of and around the court house, with the iron chain between the posts; the four chimneys on the easterly side of the court house—one for each of the fire-places in the four offices on that side; the two weather vanes; the signs; the bare trees; the little park in the center of Main street; the liberty pole and its braces; the railing around the park; the stone cross-walk from the court house to Shop Row; the roof of the Northampton National Bank sloping to the street; the northerly entrance to the park; and the time of day by the town clock. The large poster hanging in one of the front windows of the court house was an advertisement of a United States recruiting officer. It reads:—"Headquarters of Superintendent of Recruiting for Hampshire County." The office of the Hampshire Gazette was in the second and third stories of the Whitney building. The business office was in the front of the second story, and you see the inside blinds, and the sign, "County Treasurer's Office," over the entrance to the stairway in the southwesterly corner of the building. When the Gazette office was removed to this

building in 1859, the third story was raised several feet and the newspaper and job offices occupied the entire third floor, one-half of the basement, and the front of the second story. The power used for running the large newspaper press in the basement was a hot-air engine, and this explains the large sign on the building, "Caloric Printing Establishment."

A good idea of the height of the ground where the church and Whitney building stood can be obtained from this picture. There was quite a steep pitch from the front of the Whitney building to the walk, and the street has been cut down several feet since. When the savings bank building was erected on the site of the Whitney building in 1876, the site was lowered to correspond with the street, and the site of the church was also lowered at the same time.

The liberty pole, shown so distinctly in the picture, was erected in 1864, and the sticks were donated by the brothers Jonathan and Calvin Strong of South street. Edwin Banister and Harry Loomis superintended its erection, and were assisted by William C. Pomeroy. Judge Horace L. Hodges collected the money to defray the expense of the work. It was completed just in time for hoisting the flag for celebrating the 4th of July.

The elm tree seen in front of the old court house is the one that is there now, in front of the new edifice, which stands a few feet farther toward King street than the old building.

For this picture I am indebted to Mrs. George D. Eames, who is living in Providence, R. I. She saw the notice in the Gazette, calling for old views of the center of Northampton, and generously donated this picture. Only two other copies of it are known to be in existence, one owned by Charles H. Dickinson and the other by Sidney E. Bridgman.

VIEW OF ROUND HILL, NORTHAMPTON, IN 1829

THE ROUND HILL PICTURE.

The accompanying picture of Round Hill gives a view as it appeared in 1829. It is from a sketch made by Miss Goodridge of Boston, a teacher of drawing. The original sketch was owned by Henry Bright, and after his decease it was purchased by Waldo H. and David B. Whitcomb, our most noted antiquarians. On the summit is seen, on the left, the house of Thomas Shepherd, which was the first house built on the top of the hill. Next is the house of his brother, Levi Shepherd, built soon afterwards, and the fourth house was built by Col. James Shepherd. These three houses stood alone on the hill until about 1824, when the property was sold to Cogswell & Bancroft for the Round Hill School, and they erected the building between the houses of Levi and Col. James Shepherd, also the most northerly building, and made the connections, giving the buildings their appearance as shown in this picture. Below, on Prospect street, is the old Stoddard house, owned in 1828 by Seth Wright, in 1840 by Charles C. Nichols, afterward by Dr. Benjamin Barrett, and now by Henry R. Hinckley. On the extreme left is the "Talbot house," built by Judge Samuel Howe, and now forming a part of Miss Capen's school for young ladies. On the extreme right is the "Bowers house," built by Henry G. Bowers, afterward owned and occupied by Henry Bright, and now by Dr. Blodgett of Smith College. The old gambrel-roof house on the southerly corner of Prospect and Park streets, was owned by Sylvanus Phelps, and on its site now stands the fine brick residence of the late James R. Trumbull. The house below, a little to the right, was the old house of David B. Whitcomb. A meat-cart is seen in the road, going up the hill, toward Prospect street.

CHAPTER II.

COMES TO TOWN TO BE A PRINTER — THE EARLY NEWSPAPERS. HAMPSHIRE HERALD. HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE. NORTHAMPTON COURIER. NORTHAMPTON DEMOCRAT—EDITORS THAYER, HAWLEY, SMITH, TYLER, TABOR, AND APOLLUS MUNN.

> Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,
> Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain;
> Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
> Pledg'd to Religion, Liberty and Law.
>
> *Joseph Story's Motto of Salem Register.*

On March 5th, 1845, the day after the inauguration of James K. Polk as President, I came to Northampton to learn the printer's trade. I had been living at Haydenville, with my uncle and guardian, Samuel S. Wells, doing chores, and working in the button factory and in J. & J. Hayden's store. One day about March 1 Mr. Wells was in Northampton, and saw Dea. J. P. Williston, who, with Joel Hayden of Haydenville, had just started the Hampshire Herald, an abolition paper, to advocate anti-slavery principles. They wanted a boy in the printing office, and I was sent in, on horseback, "to see and be seen" and to "talk it over" with Mr. Williston. I met Mr. Williston in his office, also Mr. Abijah W. Thayer, the editor, in the editorial room, and after conferences with them agreed to come in and begin service.

At the time appointed I arrived, with a two dollar bill in my pocket and a scant supply of shirts and stockings, and was set at work to "learn the case." The office was in the third story of Masonic block, since known as the Wright block, and now owned by Judge Sterling. The part occu-

pied by the Herald office now forms the northerly part of Grand Army hall. Mr. Williston had his office in the front of the second story. At noon I was sent to board with William D. Clapp, on South street, in the house recently torn down, west of Col. Williams's home lot. My "bringing up" had never included entering a house through the front door—the back door was the place for boys in Williamsburg. So, when I arrived at Mr. Clapp's, I went around to the shed and rapped at the rear entrance. Mr. Clapp had seen me go around and was already there, and he gave me a very cordial greeting. I shall never forget it. It came at a time when it was most needed and could be appreciated. He was a hearty, whole-souled man, intelligent and companionable, and I found in him a good friend and a ready helper. For four years and a half, until I was married and began housekeeping, I boarded in the family of this good man.

Mr. Clapp was a very devout man and had daily devotional exercises in his home. He was fluent and gifted in speech and prayer and was a leader in church affairs and often officiated in evening meetings and sometimes at funerals. His wife was a Miss Chapin, who had been an inmate of the family of Deacon Williston's wife's father, Asahel Lyman, at Smith's Ferry. Her mother, Mrs. Chapin, lived with her during the whole time that I boarded there. It was their uniform custom to discuss the Sunday sermon on returning from church, and this they would do before the ladies removed their bonnets, and do it with an eagerness which told of their deep interest in the preacher's words.

As to wages, I was to have $30 the first year, $35 the second year, and $40 the third year, and board. The price of board at Mr. Clapp's was $1.50 a week, including washing. After a year or two the price was raised to $1.75 a week, and when I was married in 1849 I paid him $2 a week, or $4 a week for myself and wife. That was about the ruling rate for board in the town.

After I had been in the office about a year, Foreman Bonney fell sick on the day of issuing the paper. Mr.

Williston was in trouble to know what to do in such a situation—press day and no pressman. It occurred to me that I was equal to the emergency; so I took hold of the press and pulled off the entire edition, much to the surprise and gratification of Mr. Williston, who presented me with a one-dollar bill on the Northampton bank. That was the biggest dollar I have ever seen.

One Sunday evening, a few weeks after I came to town, Mr. Clapp invited me, by way of entertainment, to visit the Washingtonians. There had been a great temperance revival among the rum-drinkers and they had formed an association. Mr. Williston had given them his encouragement and aid, and furnished them with a room in his building in which to meet. The revival at the time of my arrival in town was on the wane and there were only three or four of the veterans present. Among them were Col. Josiah Dickinson, familiarly known as "Colonel Shail," maker of the wooden pumps then in common use, George Bennett, the tinner, and William M. Witherell. They sat around the large wood box-stove and talked.

There were then three other weekly papers published in the town, whose population was about 4,500—the Hampshire Gazette, by William A. Hawley; the Northampton Courier, by Josiah W. Smith; and the Northampton Democrat, by Stephen J. W. Tabor. Mr. Tabor came from Shelburne Falls and was not here long. The abolitionists had received no favors from any of these papers. The Gazette and the Courier were both strongly Whig, which was the ruling party in town and county, and the Democrat was strongly Democratic. The abolitionists were a despised set and were regarded as meddlers with the affairs of other parties, with no prospect of accomplishing any good. They were few in number. In the election of 1840 they had cast thirty-three votes in Northampton for James G. Birney for President, and 100 in 1844. In the entire county their vote in 1844 was 591. In 1840, it was in the county about 200, and was reported in the Gazette under the head of "scattering."

The Herald met with a cold reception from the Whigs, who formed a large majority of the voters of the town and county. They owed the abolitionists no good will, as their pet candidate for President, Henry Clay, had been defeated in the election of 1844 by the abolition votes. A considerable number of copies of the first issue of the Herald were distributed about town gratuitously. Moses Breck was then a zealous abolitionist, and he took the papers and distributed them himself. One man, a zealous Whig, who had a shop on Main street, near the Warner House, manifested his disapprobation of the paper and its principles by picking up the copy which Mr. Breck had thrown into his doorway with a pair of tongs and depositing it outside in the street. This undoubtedly illustrated the feelings of many others of that political faith at that time.

Another instance showing the bitterness of feeling that prevailed against the abolitionists occurred in the Herald office. An active Whig worker had been sent by a subscriber to pay up and stop his paper. Editor Thayer was unable to give him enough change, when the Whig politician said: "Never mind about the change; it's worth that to do the business."

It is fair to say that in the evolution of political parties that followed, both of these intense anti-abolitionists became staunch anti-slavery men and did great work for the Republican cause and the cause of the Union in the Civil war.

With such bitter feeling existing it was little wonder that the Herald made small headway. Many of the merchants and other business men, most of whom were Whigs, refused to advertise in it, and its circulation being small, about 1000, it did not pay expenses. Editor Thayer was not a peacemaker or a patronage-getter. He was a natural controversialist, and nothing suited him better than to antagonize some one in print. He was a dangerous antagonist. He paid more attention to political matters than to news and such reading as was of interest to all classes of people, and thereby offended and drove away many who, with a

more attractive policy, might have been patrons of his paper. The Gazette pursued the latter policy. While strongly Whig, and often severe against the opponents of the Whig party, it gave more of the general news of the times, and was therefore more acceptable to the general public. I have before me, as I write, a copy of the Hampshire Republican of Nov. 4, 1840, the last issue before the Presidential election of that year. Apollus Munn was the editor, assisted by Mr. Tabor. There is not a single news item in the paper. All the matter is political, and it is red hot. There are columns of large pica type, attractive full face catch-lines, capital letters, italics and exclamation points, in abundance, all denoting the intense excitement of the times. Apollus Munn seems to have been a famous character in his day. I never saw him, but many a time I have heard him spoken of by his surviving contemporaries as a man who kept political affairs extremely lively.

The Gazette was the only paper in town that was printed on a power press—the others were printed on hand presses. The Gazette office was in the second story of the "Lyman block," just east of Judge Lyman's residence, or where Boyden's restaurant now stands. The Courier office was in the Whitney building, between the old church and the court house, where the Northampton Institution for Savings now stands. The Democrat was printed in the second story of the wooden building now standing on Pleasant street, opposite R. E. Edwards's furniture store in Cook's block.

The Gazette had an old Adams power press, which was bought second-hand in Brattleboro in 1841. It was run by hand-power, and Alexander Edwards turned the crank that moved the large fly wheel. It was laborious work that he did and he earned all that he received for his labor. The Herald had an improved Washington hand press, with a self-inking apparatus, that was operated by the same power that moved the bed to and fro. This was considered to be a wonderful invention. I remember that Hiram Ferry, a veteran printer, father of our Sydenham N. Ferry, came in one day to see it work, and he expressed great surprise

at its successful operation. The old way was for an extra hand to distribute the ink on the roller, work it on a cylinder, and apply to the type while the pressman removed the sheet he had printed and put another sheet on the "tympan." There was work about all this, the like of which the laboring man of today knows little. The writer worked at this hand press twelve years. There was a turning motion of the pressman as he swung back and forth, and in the old Courier office, where Free Soil doctrines were turned out weekly, a hole was worn through the floor by the grinding of the pressman's heel.

The work of typesetting was mostly done by apprentice boys, of whom there were three or four in each office. In the Herald office, there were three boys, Hervey J. Smith, now of Fort street, from Amherst, being one. Oliver E. Bonney, brother of Dr. Franklin Bonney of Hadley, was foreman. He had recently completed an apprenticeship in the printing office of J. S. & C. Adams in Amherst. The apprentice boys usually boarded with the editor, and spent their evenings in the office, visiting each other occasionally. The late James R. Trumbull, the city historian, was the leading apprentice in the Gazette office at that time.

Mr. Hawley was an industrious worker and managed the Gazette with prudence, safety and profit. The Whigs gave him their undivided support, and he gave the Whig party a support brave and loyal. He was sent to the legislature three years, once as a representative and twice as a senator. After he retired from the paper in 1853, on account of impaired health, he was appointed high sheriff by Gov. Clifford, and was succeeded in 1855 by Henry A. Longley, who received his commission from Gov. Gardner. Mr. Smith of the Courier was not a very aggressive man, and as editor failed to make much impression upon the community, though a man of kindly disposition and gentlemanly manners. The Democratic editors were chiefly distinguished for the noise and dust they raised on the flanks and rear of the advancing army of Whigs.

In 1847, Editor Thayer had a call to go to Worcester, to

take the editorial charge of a newspaper there. It was a question with Mr. Williston what to do with the Herald. It was not paying expenses, and he seriously contemplated stopping its publication. One day he proposed to me that I should take the paper and see what I could do with it. I had published several numbers of a small paper called the "Holyoke Mountaineer," doing this work evenings, with the help of some other boys. It was a responsible undertaking. I was only nineteen years of age, without business experience or training, but with an abundance of energy and zeal, and exceptionally good health. I hesitated about taking the paper alone, but fellow-apprentice Smith agreed to join in the undertaking, and for a year we published it, I doing the editing, and both working at the case and press.

In 1848, came a turn in the political tide. The much despised and derided abolitionists were growing in number and strength. The revolt of the followers of Van Buren in New York, resulting in the organization of the "Barnburners," and the revolt of anti-slavery Whigs and Democrats in New Hampshire, resulting in the election of John P. Hale to the United States senate, and the revolt of the "Conscience Whigs" in Massachusetts, contributed largely to swell the ranks of the Free Soil party, the legitimate successor of the Liberty party. The Whigs nominated Gen. Zachary Taylor, a Louisiana slaveholder, for President, and the anti-slavery elements united on Martin Van Buren as their candidate. The Courier, which had been leaning toward the anti-slavery side, joined the Free Soil ranks, making with the Herald two papers here advocating the anti-slavery principles, where only one was needed. It was therefore deemed best by the leading supporters of the Herald that the two papers should be united, and this was done in August, 1848. I then went into the Courier office as foreman and assistant editor, at $8 a week, and remained in that position until April 1, 1849, when the Courier establishment came into my possession by purchase, the price being $1200.

The Courier had been owned and edited by Rev. William

Tyler, a retired Congregational minister, a good man, but in no way fitted to run a newspaper. He lacked tact and ability to adapt himself to the practical side of affairs.

I published the Courier until Nov. 1, 1858, when the Courier and the Gazette, the only papers in the town at that time, were united and the combined paper was enlarged. The Republican party, recently formed, was very strong in Hampshire county, and one paper of that political faith was all that was thought to be necessary. This union of papers was quite acceptable to the public, and proved to be profitable to its publishers.

The newspapers of the period previous to 1850 paid little attention to local matters compared with what they are doing now. Only matters of importance were noticed. There were no local correspondents, as now. When anything occurred in any of the towns that was considered worth noticing it was expected that some one interested in it would send in a brief mention of it, or call at the newspaper office and tell the editor. Clergymen were expected to send in notices of marriages, and town clerks to report the election returns when requested. So not much came in. What little was gathered by the editor from persons who came to his office or whom he met about town was scattered around in the paper among the news items from abroad. There was no general gathering of the local news until after 1850, when the practice was first begun in the Northampton Courier. Once begun it spread, and by 1857 the Courier published ten columns of local matter a week. To show how little attention was paid to local matters in the earlier years it is necessary to mention only a single fact. When the old church was dedicated in 1812, an edifice that was a fine piece of architecture and the pride of the town, and there were nearly thirteen hundred people within its walls, not a line of report of the exercises appeared in the Gazette, or in any other paper. The only mention of the great event was a four line item in the last issue before the dedication, stating that on the Wednesday following "the meeting-house would be dedicated." The editor probably thought

that, as nearly all of his subscribers were present at the dedication, no mention of it in his paper was necessary. Such an event now would call for a picture of the edifice, a description of its interior, a detailed statement of its construction, a history of the church and parish, a portrait and sketch of the pastor, with various matter relating to the ancient organization, filling six to eight columns.

When the Courier was making its great effort to gather the local news in 1857 and 1858, it was greatly aided in that work by L. N. Clark, son of Dr. Horace Clark, who lived in the Pine Grove district, and now the veteran editor of the Westfield Times. He was then just entering upon his early manhood and was full of zeal and enthusiasm. His special field was West Farms and Florence, and these he faithfully worked. This was the beginning of his long and successful career in newspaper life.

After being in the printing office a few months, Benjamin North of Leeds, a well known trader and peddler in his times, called at the Herald office. He shook hands with me in a very cordial manner, saying in his frank and hearty way: "Ah! I like to shake hands with an honest man!" That pleased me immensely, and I felt highly flattered by it, but it puzzled me to see how he came to know that I was honest, as I never had had any business dealings with him. I knew that I was honest myself, but how could he know it? I learned afterwards that the remark meant nothing, as he said it to everyone with whom he shook hands. It was his way of introducing himself as a trader. Another favorite expression of his, by way of ejaculation, was "Bitemegs!" He was a short, stout man, jolly and hearty. He lived in a house that stood where Lucius Dimock's house now stands, and ran the store which Mr. Ross now owns.

The newspapers of this period were mainly distributed in this region by postriders. There were routes running to Easthampton and Southampton; to Westhampton, Norwich, Chester and Middlefield; to Chesterfield and Worthington; to Williamsburg, Goshen, Cummington and Plainfield; to Whately, Conway, Ashfield and Buckland; to

Hatfield; to Hadley, Amherst and Belchertown; to Hockanum, South Hadley and Granby. The number of papers sent in the mails was small. Several of the postriders came in the day before publication, bringing butter, eggs, and other farm produce. The papers were issued at noon on Tuesday, and the postmen started out as soon as they obtained their supply.

At this time—about 1845—Oliver Warner, the elder, a spare man, yet hale and vigorous, was keeper of the Warner Tavern; Capt. Jonathan Brewster, large, tall, well-proportioned, and resolute, kept the Mansion House; Solomon Stoddard, father of William H., spare and thin, gray-haired, aged and feeble, lived in a gambrel-roofed house on Elm street, just north of the Catholic church; Wm. W. Partridge, many years selectman, auctioneer, and man of general affairs, was in his prime; Ansel Wright, deputy sheriff, constable, merchant, and settler of many estates, was in the height of his physical vigor and business activity; Harvey Kirkland was just beginning his long service as register of deeds, manager of Hampshire fire insurance company, secretary of agricultural society, and town clerk, and was perhaps as prominent a business man as any in town; Josiah D. Whitney was cashier of the Northampton bank, and Deacon Eliphalet Williams the president; Capt. Samuel Parsons, leading farmer, ruler of men and swayer of town meetings, was in his best years; Benjamin North, hearty and cordial, peddler and traveling trader, was keeping a country store at "Shepherd's Hollow;" John Hannum, the only and original John, watch and clock repairer, was in his prime; Stoddard & Lathrop were the principal dry goods merchants; the maiden sisters, Sophia and Cecelia Osborn (S. & C. Osborn) were the leading milliners, with another maiden, "Aunt Sarah" Clark, doing business in the same line; George W. Benson was at the head of the "Bensonites" at Florence; David Lee Child, of literary and political eminence, was running a farm west of Florence; Ithamar Conkey of Amherst was judge of probate; Dr. Daniel Stebbins, old and infirm, was about

closing his career of thirty-three years as county treasurer; Sylvester Judd, the antiquarian and historian, was hard at work in his researches of old records and recording the recollections of old people; Rev. George E. Day, now professor at Yale university, was pastor of the Edwards church; Dr. Wiley had just been dismissed from the pastorate of the old church and Rev. E. Y. Swift was settled; Dr. David Ruggles, nearly blind, but endowed with a remarkable physical healing power, was at the head of the water-cure establishment in Florence; Thomas Shepherd was postmaster; and the sound of the bugle was heard on the stage coaches as they came in from every direction.

There was not a hack nor a barouche kept for public use in the town. When the railroad was opened in 1845 the Warner House sent a carriage to the depot to convey passengers to its doors free of charge. For this purpose one of the old stage-coaches that had been thrown out of business by the incoming railroad was used. There were but few barouches kept in town by private parties. Samuel L. Hinckley, the high sheriff, had one, and in his time Judge Joseph Lyman had one.

When I came to town, and for many years afterward, there was no such thing as a vacation for any one. When I wanted to be gone from the printing office for a day, which was not often, I gained the time by doing extra work in advance. I never had a vacation of any sort until I was nearly thirty years old. Work began at seven in the morning and ended at six in the evening. This was the rule in all occupations, except with the farmers, who worked from sunrise to sunset. The vacation custom began in the sixties, and has been spreading ever since, until it embraces nearly every person.

There were six religious societies here in 1845—the Old Church, the Edwards, Unitarian, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Methodist, each with a meeting-house of its own, except the Methodist, which met in the old town hall. There was a small choir, located in the northerly corner of the hall, and William Lavake played the large bass viol.

The society had no organ, or musical instrument of any kind, except those of the violin type. The congregation was small. With the growth of the town, six more religious societies have been added.

HON. LEWIS STRONG'S GREAT INFLUENCE.

In the old days the ruling class in Northampton consisted of a few men. The leaders were looked to for advice, and their advice was accepted. In the later years of Parson Williams's ministry there arose some dissatisfaction with him, which assumed such proportions that a town meeting was called to consider the matter. When the meeting was held, Hon. Lewis Strong, a son of Governor Caleb Strong, was present to address it. He was a plausible and forcible speaker, and a peace-maker. After he had spoken, all opposition ceased. I had this from Capt. Jonathan P. Strong, who was present at this meeting. He said, forty years after the meeting, that he remembered it as distinctly as if it was held only yesterday. No one dared to lisp a word of opposition after Deacon Strong had poured his oil of harmony upon the troubled waters. It was Mr. Strong's practice, whenever any question of public importance arose, and there was a division of sentiment upon it, to write an article for the Hampshire Gazette, over the signature of "Hampshire." This generally settled the matter.

THE CENTER OF MAIN STREET, NORTHAMPTON, IN 1838.

PICTURE OF THE CENTER OF MAIN STREET.

This view of the center of Northampton, as it appeared sixty-four years ago, when the population of the town was about 3700, is from a sketch made by John W. Barber, and published in his Historical Collections in 1841. In general the view is admirable, though lacking the accuracy of a photograph. The old church, court house, Whitney building, old town hall, Warner tavern, Granite Row, Clarke block at the easterly end of Shop Row, and the Theodore Strong house, are all shown just as they were. You see the stone wall that ran from the west corner of the town hall, and the stairway leading down from the balcony in front of the entrance to the hall. The little elm that stands near the end of the stone wall is now the stately elm that stands in front of the new court house. The three-cornered guidepost in the fork of the roads at the entrance to King street is shown, one of the old-time features of the town. You see what a beautiful residence the Theodore Strong house was, so stately and symmetrical. The beautiful shade trees in the distance were there. The old stage coach, with its baggage behind, seems to be just coming in from Boston. There was nothing below Pleasant street, until Gov. Caleb Strong's house was reached, near the site of the present Hampshire House. On the whole, this is a very valuable picture, and presents some features that are not given in any other view.

CHAPTER III.

MAIN STREET—SOUTHERLY SIDE, FROM WEST STREET TO BRIDGE STREET, AS IT WAS IN 1845, WITH BRIEF MENTION OF SOME OF THE OLD MERCHANTS.

> How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start,
> When memory plays an old tune on the heart!
>
> *Eliza Cook, 1845.*

I shall try to give a description of the center of Northampton as I saw it in the years 1840 to 1845. But no pen can describe it and give to the picture the flavor which came with the visible reality. A rural village it was, beautifully situated, on bluffs skirting the wide-spreading meadows, its streets lined with towering elms, with those gems of the valley, Mounts Holyoke and Tom, in the distance—old-fashioned in its buildings, quaint in the manners and customs of its people, it presented the appearance of a typical old-time New England shire town of the first class. It had fine residences for those days, and fine people. Its stores were inferior in appearance, both outside and inside, and of scant dimensions. Some of them were of brick, the others of wood. The street lines in the center were much as they are now, except that east of the junction of King and Pleasant streets with Main street, the center street has been considerably narrowed by the erection of buildings on either side. There were no pavements of streets, no macadamized roads, and few sidewalks, except those of gravel. Crossing Main street, opposite the old church, the court house, and Charles Smith's store at the upper end of Shop Row, there were stone walks, much worn by years of travel. Along Shop Row there was a crude, uneven brick walk,

and a stone walk from Judge Lyman's house to the court house.

Originally there was a considerable hill near the center of Main street, in front of the present old church, on which was erected the first meeting-house, and on which the successive meeting-houses stood for one hundred and fifty years. This hill sloped to the four points of the compass, east, west, north and south, and was called in the early records, "meeting-house hill." It has been cut down from time to time until as a hill it has almost wholly disappeared. Its original height was several feet higher than it is now. The land at the foot of this hill on King street was several feet lower than at present. Originally there was a considerable ravine extending from King street across Main street to Pleasant street and thence to South street in the rear of Shop Row.

Shop Row was begun in 1769, with the erection of Dr. Ebenezer Hunt's apothecary shop, on the present site of C. B. Kingsley's drug store. The store of Merritt Clark, next west of the drug store, was begun in 1803. In 1840 Shop Row began with the Merritt Clark block, then occupied by Charles Smith & Co., and ended with a three-story brick store on the site of the present Clarke block, then occupied by Augustus Clarke.

Let us begin at the upper end of Main street and come along down on the southerly side. The house of Dr. Higbee, next west of the Baptist church, was occupied by George Bennett and his wife. Bennett was a tinner and made the little tin boxes for J. P. Williston's indelible ink. His wife, a small, spare woman, was partially demented, and used to walk about the streets, saying to almost every one she met, "We all have to do just as everybody says," a remark that embodied more truth perhaps than she was aware of. Mr. Bennett was also a small man, old and somewhat broken physically. He had been of intemperate habits and Mr. Williston became interested in him and helped him to reform and earn a living by giving him employment.

The Baptist church was there mainly as it is now, except that it has been improved in appearance by the erection of a tower. Rev. D. M. Crane was the pastor—a short, thick-set man, moderate in speech, and of a kindly disposition. He had much to do with the schools, and was for many years the general agent of the school board.

In the early years of the Baptist church, the basement of its meeting-house was used for a carpenter shop and for the headquarters of the Hook and Ladder and Sack and Bucket fire companies. Deacon Joseph Haskins, one of the leading men of the Baptist church, had his carpenter shop there, and in 1836 Amasa D. Wade sent in a bill to the town "for repairs in basement of Baptist church for use of Hook and Ladder Co., $4.61." Josiah Dickinson and William Preston are named as workmen on the job, four days, at 75 cents a day.

The old New Haven canal was then in operation, running under the street opposite the west corner of the new high school house. The bridge was a stone archway. The canal was carried over Mill river and the highway just below the "Lower Mills" by a viaduct, and after the canal was abandoned the earth embankment of this viaduct on the south side of the river was carted off to build the Maple street dike. The canal never realized the expectations of its builders, and was a great loss to them and a sore disappointment to the town.

The first building below the canal was a small, square, one-story shop, in which Charles P. Kingsley, the grandfather of our druggist C. B. Kingsley, kept a little grocery, afterwards moving to the canal storehouse, in the west part, where he did business until he died in 1844. This little wooden building was erected on the Asahel Pomeroy lot, since known as "Granite Row," and was used for an office, Dr. Benjamin Barrett having his office in it. It was moved off to make room for a larger building. It is still in existence, and is about the only building in the center that remains just as it was when it was erected about seventy years ago. It stands on Crafts avenue, just east of

city hall, and is occupied by C. W. Mack for a plumber's shop.

Next below the canal was the girls' school house, on the site of the South street boulevard. This was a brick building, standing a considerable distance back from Main street. It was on land given to the town for school purposes by Dr. Barrett. It was erected about 1836, and for some years was used only for a girls' school, the school for boys being in the open lot in the rear of the old church. Later it was used for a school for both boys and girls.

We come now to the homestead of Edwin Kingsley, on land at present occupied by the Academy of Music. This was a two-story brick house, on the site of a wooden house erected in 1792 by Nathaniel Day. The old house was moved to the rear and used for tenements. Mr. Kingsley's blacksmith shop, a low brick building, stood east of his house, fronting on the street, and there he and his son, Lyman Kingsley, worked early and late, doing the principal blacksmithing for the town. Mr. Kingsley died at an advanced age, leaving an estate of nearly $100,000, the accumulation of a long life of industry and economy. He was a small, spare man, who attended strictly to his own business.

Below the Kingsley property were what are now known as the Jacob Holley house and barn, where Asahel Wood kept a livery. The barn was erected for staging purposes in the years of the stage coach. It stands now much as it was when built, and the house remains the same.

Below the Holley property, in front of the J. H. Prindle house, was a dwelling house, near the street, known in 1845 as the "Dullard house." Back of this house stood a two-story building which had been used for the manufacture of hats, and on its easterly side was painted in large letters, "Hat Factory." The house in the rear, since owned and occupied by Charles Smith and his son-in-law, Josiah H. Prindle, was in 1845 owned and occupied by Marcus T. Moody, who kept a furniture wareroom in a wooden two-story building on the opposite side of the street. It was in

this old hat factory that our respected fellow-citizen, Deacon James Harvey Searle, first began business as a furniture dealer. He opened a shop there in 1841, but remained only about a year, when he became associated with Silas M. Smith, in the same business, back of the court house.

Next east of the hat factory was the open lot of Judge Lyman, now occupied by the Clarke library, and next was the Unitarian church, now showing the same stately front as when it was erected in 1826.

From the Unitarian church to South street, a charming spot, was the beautiful homestead of Ebenezer Hunt, which will be further noticed later on in these reminiscences.

Dr. Hunt had a fine apple orchard on the hillside, and lots of his choice Spitzenburgs and Long Johns found their way up into the Herald office.

The present city hall was built in 1849-50 on the Hunt property. There had been a contest over the matter in the town meetings for several years. Finally it was decided to build, the total cost not to exceed $15,000. A committee of thirteen prominent citizens was appointed, with full power to select a site and erect a building. The committee consisted of David Damon, John Clarke, Joseph Conant, Samuel Wells, Azariah Clapp, Seth Strong, Lyman Kingsley, Winthrop Hillyer, Amos H. Bullen, Josiah Hunt, Luman Bartlett, Frederick A. Clark, Charles P. Huntington. The committee first voted to erect the hall on the site of the old town hall, on the court house lot, but before they could begin the work a syndicate of eight citizens, including Enos Parsons, Charles Smith, Ansel Wright, Samuel B. Woodward, Samuel L. Hinckley, Joseph I. West, William Clark, and Winthrop Hillyer, purchased of his widow the homestead of the late Ebenezer Hunt, for $9,000, and offered the town a site for the new hall for $2,500. This offer was accepted, and the building was begun in 1849 and completed in 1850. The remainder of the property remained in the possession of the syndicate a number of years, without any sales, until the members

became wearied with holding it, and the whole of it was finally taken by Capt Parsons, who erected for himself a fine residence there, now Rahar's Inn. He sold the corner lot, next to South street, to Winthrop Hillyer, who erected a two-story storehouse on it, with a roof sloping north and south. This building was afterward sold to Merrill W. Jackson, who enlarged it to its present dimensions. This was the first building for business purposes erected on the Hunt property.

Crossing old South street we come to the old home lot of Deacon Ebenezer Hunt. On the corner of this lot stood the Edwards church, erected in 1833, a low brick building, with a small steeple, the whole presenting an inferior appearance. Its vestry was in the southerly part of the basement, the entrance being on the west side, near the southerly end.

We now come to a structure of historic interest, the old gambrel-roofed house of Deacon Ebenezer Hunt, the hatter.

FIRST EDWARDS CHURCH AND OLD HUNT HOUSE.

In its day it was one of the principal residences of the town. You see it in the picture, as viewed from the Warner House on the opposite side of the street. It was erected in 1770, and was successively occupied by Dea. Ebenezer Hunt, Dr. Ebenezer Hunt, and Dr. David Hunt, and stood one hundred years, until it was destroyed by fire in 1870. The same fire also destroyed the Edwards church. At the time of its destruction it was owned by the Benjamin North estate, and was used for stores and workshops. John Hannum, the watchmaker, had a shop in the second story, on the west side, and it was in that shop that Samuel Wells, the clerk of the courts, was fatally shot while handling a pistol in October, 1864. The stores below had been occupied by Wm. F. Arnold, Arnold & Searle, Arnold & Tillotson, Walter W. Pease, and R. J. Fair, dry goods.

It should be noted here, that there were quite a number of similar gambrel-roofed houses erected in town in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Among them were the houses of Solomon Stoddard on Elm street, just north of the Catholic church, lately owned by Smith college; the Dr. Samuel A. Fisk house on King street, occupied in 1845 by Dr. Charles Walker, dentist; the Hubbard house on Bridge street, lately the residence of John W. Hubbard; the Osborn house on Pleasant Street, occupied by the Osborn sisters; the Governor Strong house on Pleasant street, removed from Main street, lately occupied by Dr. Knowlton; and the Judge Henshaw house on Elm street, now owned by Bishop F. D. Huntington. These were of the highest type of architecture for dwelling houses in their time, and are not surpassed in symmetrical proportions by the more modern structures.

Now as to "Shop Row." This was the common name for the first row of stores, though after 1850 it began to be called by the more dignified name of "Merchants Row." But in the common talk of people it was more often called "Shop Row." It should be remembered that the Shop Row of those days was not the Shop Row of today. Every building on the Row, from South street to Pleasant street,

has been either built new or remodeled so as to completely change its exterior, with a single exception, that of the block comprising the Cook jewelry store and the old Butler bookstore. This block remains as to its front as it was built in 1828, but it has been extended in the rear so as to more than double the size of the stores.

The merchants on Shop Row were, at the west end, Charles Smith & Co., (the "Co." being Marvin M. French, who served an apprenticeship with Mr. Smith). They were "merchant tailors," and sold ready-made clothing and all kinds of gents' furnishing goods. The same business is carried on there now by Merritt Clark & Co., and there has been no interruption to it for sixty years.

In the store next below, now the drug store of C. B. Kingsley, was Winthrop Hillyer. This was the original store on Shop Row, established by Dr. Ebenezer Hunt in 1768. Mr. Hillyer kept drugs and groceries, the same as his predecessors had done. He was clerk for Dr. Hunt and after Dr. Hunt's retirement he took the business and amassed a handsome fortune during his long business career. He was a man of retiring manners, courteous and unobtrusive in his intercourse with people, and well read in literature. The drug store enjoys the singular distinction of having been devoted to only one business from its establishment, a period of 131 years.

Among Mr. Hillyer's clerks were Andrew S. Wood and Charles B. Kingsley, who became associated with him in the business, and for a great number of years Roland Weller was the porter.

In the store next below Mr. Hillyer's, now Lucius S. Davis, druggist, John W. Wilson and Haynes K. Starkweather, Jr., opened a drug store and grocery about 1846. They were succeeded by Oscar Edwards. There has been a drug store on this spot fifty-six years.

Jacob Anthony, dealer in boots and shoes, and Elijah Powers, dry goods, had stores below, but were not in business long after 1845. One of these stores was occupied by Nathan Dikeman and his son Henry, hatters. Both were

sent to the legislature, the former in 1831, the latter in 1845.

Then came Deacon Daniel Kingsley, the tailor. The deacon was one of those kind-hearted, smooth-spoken, unobtrusive, inoffensive men, few in number, who offend no one and live long and happily. He was strictly a tailor, and never sold ready-made goods. His store was the resort of the leading men of the old church, and a half dozen of them could often be found there at a time in conference over church and town affairs. It was a common remark that "for a man to be in good standing in this community he must be a Whig, belong to the old church, own some meadow land, take the Hampshire Gazette, and have his clothes made at Daniel Kingsley's." Deacon Kingsley's chief assistant was Capt. John B. Augur, who did the measuring and cutting. Capt. Augur was a very pleasing man, of gentlemanly manners, and just the sort to harmonize with Deacon Kingsley and his customers. The deacon was elected representative to the legislature in 1855, together with Samuel L. Parsons. His store is now occupied by John E. Riley.

The next store below Deacon Kingsley's was John Clarke's. He kept all sorts of goods, except dry goods, clothing and millinery. He was at this time (1845) about closing his career as a merchant to engage in banking. Mr. Clarke's store was where the Northampton National Bank now stands, and was one of the first brick stores on Shop Row. Mr. Clarke is well remembered by the survivors of his generation. He was a quiet man, never seemingly aggressive, but thoughtful, industrious, painstaking and gentlemanly. His dress was uniformly of the old style -broadcloth, swallow-tailed coat, with stiff collar, high in the back of the neck.

One of John Clarke's clerks was Luther L. Washburn, and when Mr. Clarke retired from business in 1845, Mr. Washburn succeeded him and soon moved his place of business across the street, to Granite Row. It was there that Wm. H. Todd began as clerk, and after the decease of Mr. Washburn he took the business himself and conducted

it many years. Most of the merchants who dealt in groceries sold snuff, of which large quantities were used. Mr. Washburn was the agent for Lorillard's snuff and tobacco, and Mr. Todd relates that he personally sold two tons of snuff in a year.

Below John Clarke's was Rufus Sackett, boot and shoe maker and dealer in those goods, and below him, in a little low wooden building was T. G. Rich, bookseller and bookbinder, who had just bought the business of Elisha Turner.

Then came Benj. E. Cook's jewelry store, established in 1785 by Samuel Stiles, who was succeeded in 1792 by Nathan Storrs. Gen. Cook was at this time in the prime of his years, a strong, resolute, energetic man, a fine military figure, and a power in the general affairs of the community. This store, the old Butler bookstore, and the Dr. Hunt drug store, are the only stores on Shop Row that have never changed their business from their beginning. With Gen. Cook at this time was Nathan Storrs, a son of Nathan Storrs, Sr., and Wells Storrs, another son of Nathan, Sr., was often seen about this store, Gen. Cook being trustee of his estate under the will of his father.

Next to Gen. Cook's was the old bookstore founded by Simeon Butler. This was the first bookstore in town, and it has never been anything else than a bookstore. The business was begun there in 1796 by Simeon Butler, and was conducted by the Butler family for fifty years. Sidney E. Bridgman, the present senior proprietor, began as a boy in this store in April, 1844, fifty-eight years ago, and is still there, apparently good for many more years of active work. J. Hunt Butler, son of Simeon, was the successor of his father in the book business. He was a man of striking personal appearance and of very agreeable manners, courteous, polite and gentlemanly. He was one of the best of men and very helpful to the young men connected with his business, as well as to others. He was a very capable business man, took an active part in public affairs, and was a leader in the town and county. He was chosen county treasurer in 1816, and held the office until he

left in 1850 to engage in business in Philadelphia. This store has been enlarged several times by extensions in the rear, and Simeon Butler would be astonished were he to return to the scene of his early labors, to see the meager dimensions of his store increased to about four times their original size.

Connected with the Butler bookstore there was always a book-bindery. This was in the third story. There Henry Childs was the head man for half a century. He went into this bindery in 1837. To show the changed condition of the town, Mr. Childs said he had often looked out of his third story window where he could see Main street from the Clarke library to the railroad crossing, at eleven in the forenoon, and there was not a man nor a team in sight.

The store next below the bookstore, now E. P. Copeland's, was in 1845 occupied by Willard Lyon, boot and shoe dealer. He was succeeded by Sprague & Baxter, and afterward by Erastus Slate, the latter continuing the business many years.

We now reach a spot of great historic interest and commercial importance. Here in 1845 was the firm of Stoddard & Lathrop (Wm. H. Stoddard and Joseph Lathrop), dealers in dry goods. This was the old store of Benjamin Tappan and Tappan & Whitney. Mr. Tappan began business on this spot in 1770, in a small wooden building. In 1809 he erected a brick store, twenty-five feet wide by twenty feet deep. The salesroom was twenty-two by twenty feet. He was first a goldsmith, but changed into dry goods, hardware, boots and shoes, groceries, and crockery. He was in business here sixty-two years, dying in 1831. The firm of Tappan & Whitney lasted twenty-seven years. There has always been a large and profitable business done at this store. The firm of Stoddard & Lathrop was succeeded by Stoddard, Lathrop & Co. (George Sergeant). At different times Mr. Stoddard had as partners, Dea. A. J. Lincoln and J. D. Kellogg. He retired from business in 1878, after a continuous service at this store of fifty-two years, and died in 1881, aged eighty years.

The store in later years has been run by Edward H. Bell, and now by Thomas H. Todd.

An incident occurred here which illustrates the sentiment of this firm with regard to advertising. The Courier had published an advertisement of George W. Warren & Co. of Boston, retail dry goods dealers, and also a short notice calling attention to it. This gave offence to Stoddard & Lathrop, and Mr. Lathrop went over to the Courier office and gave the editor a severe reprimand. He claimed that a paper had no right to influence the trade of its town to go elsewhere, and refused for a year to advertise in the Courier. He had not learned that newspapers are for all the people, ready for business from all quarters, the same as merchants, railroads and all others seeking public patronage.

Next below Stoddard & Lathrop's was the jewelry store of John H. Fowle, who succeeded his father, Nathaniel Fowle, originally a tailor. The Fowles were in business at this stand more than sixty years. A fixture at this store was Seth Wright, chief clerk and watch repairer. He was there a great many years, and was as well known to the townspeople as any of the merchants.

Next to Fowle's, where John F. Lambie's dry goods store is now, were Solomon and George Clapp, tailors. They were not there long. Solomon died, and in 1850 George moved to Minnesota, where he died.

We now come to Clarke block, the end of Shop Row as it was in 1845 and for a few years later. On this spot, the Clarkes, father, sons and grandsons, did business for sixty-seven years, first Samuel Clarke in 1793, then Samuel Clarke & Sons (Christopher and John), then the sons, Augustus and Christopher, sons of Christopher. The Clarkes occupied two stores, covering the entire block, and did as much business as any other of the merchants on the Row.

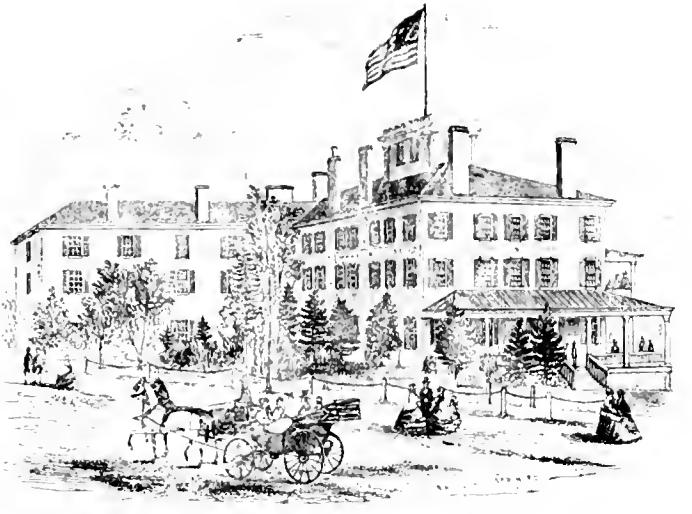
Below Shop Row was the residence of Theodore Strong, which will be further noticed when we come to speak of the homesteads in the center of the town.

On Pleasant street there was only one place of business in 1845, the old printing office of William Butler, then used as a grocery and fish market below and as the office of the Northampton Democrat, afterward by Drs. Peck and Dunlap.

From Pleasant street to the John Clarke house on Bridge street, now the Norwood hotel, there was nothing except vacant lots. The Connecticut River Railroad Company erected a brick building on the west corner of Main and Hawley streets about 1850, in the second story of which it had its office, and in the first story Lewis McIntyre carried on a business in heavy goods, coal, flour, salt, etc. He was the first dealer in coal in this town, and at first sold only small quantities, all the stores, shops, offices and houses being heated with wood stoves or open fireplaces.

THE ENGINE COMPANIES.

In the forties, fifties and sixties the fire engine companies were a prominent feature of the town. There were two companies, the Deluge, with its headquarters at the upper end of Main street, and the Torrent, with its headquarters in the old town hall. The Deluge company was made up of farmers and laborers, strong, muscular men, and the Torrent company was recruited mostly from the merchants and their clerks. There were frequent contests between them to determine which machine would throw the highest stream. These were held in front of the old church, the steeple being the standard and the engines stationed at the reservoir near the center of the street. The judges were stationed on the top of one of the stores opposite the church. The companies put forth their utmost efforts, the foremen mounted on the machines, doing their best to urge on their men with shouts and extravagant gesticulations. Often the streams would pass the pinnacle of the weather vane ten, fifteen and twenty feet, at which times the plaudits of the large crowds in attendance rang out their encouraging notes. The Deluge was usually the winner in these contests, but the Torrent boys fought nobly.



OLD MANSION HOUSE—WEST VIEW.

OLD MANSION HOUSE—EAST VIEW.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CENTER OF THE TOWN, CONTINUED—NORTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET, FROM COLLEGE HILL TO RAILROAD CROSSING—COURT STREET, NORTH OF COURT HOUSE AND OLD TOWN HALL.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours.
—*Young.*

Let us begin again at the westerly end of Main street and come leisurely down on the northerly side and take a look at the old-timers who were there in the years 1840 to 1850.

First is the Mansion House, the aristocratic hostelry of the town, a large, three-story brick building, with basement, standing on the site of the present Catholic church and parsonage. Capt. Jonathan Brewster was the landlord. To know Capt. Brewster was to know a typical tavern-keeper of the old school. He was a large man, stout and tall, and if you heard him give an order you would lose no time in arguing the question with him. He was a popular man with his patrons, and the Mansion House under his management gained an enviable reputation and was well patronized.

Below the Mansion House was the canal storehouse (now Warren's livery stable), where the freight was received. The three large iron hooks, from which the pulleys hung which lowered and hoisted the freight to and from the boats, are still to be seen under the eaves on the easterly side. The shed now seen on the east side was not there when the canal was in operation. After the canal came into disuse, this storehouse was converted into stores. The

east side was occupied by Wright & Rust and the west side by Charles P. Kingsley.

Crossing the canal and towpath—there was no street there then—we come to an old brown two-story wooden building near the towpath, where Wright & Rust did business before they moved to the canal storehouse. The Edwards church now covers the site of this building. The street was considerably higher than the sill of this building, and to reach the front door it was necessary to descend two or three steps. Wright & Rust were in this building about 1840. Their partnership of twenty-six years closed in 1848.

Next below was a vacant lot, and then came Colonade Row, so named by Daniel Collins, who converted the old Curtis tavern into two stores, D. Collins & Co. doing a grocery business in the east store and William F. Arnold, crockery and hardware, in the west store.

The present Masonic street was not much of a street in 1845. It only extended back a few rods to a large barn, where Asahel Wood and Cornelius Delano kept a livery stable. There were several wooden buildings in back there, used for tenements, with a driveway to William Closson's bakery on the bank of the canal, now State street.

Masonic block, since remodeled, enlarged and improved by Ansel Wright, was in 1845 owned by J. P. Williston. In the west corner was the shop of S. D. Thayer, harness-maker, and below was the large stove store of Willard A. Arnold, the inventor of the "Yankee cook stove." As before stated in these sketches, Mr. Williston had his office in the front of the second story of this building and the Hampshire Herald office was in the rear of the third story.

Below this block was a wooden building. Nathan Dikeman, who had just retired from his long partnership with Col. George Shepard, had his hat store next to Arnold's stove store, and below him were Michael Williams, grocer, and Marcus T. Moody, dealer in furniture, occupying the first and second floors.

Then came Judge Joseph Lyman's large back yard, barn, shed and house, of which more will be said later.

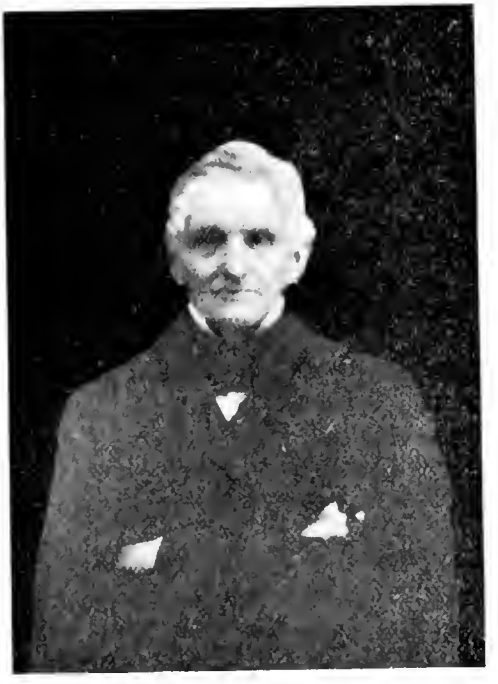
This brings us down to the Lyman building, a two-story brick store, standing east of Judge Lyman's dooryard. Amos H. Bullen had a news and periodical shop in this building and the Gazette office was on the second floor, with the power press standing in front.

Between the Lyman block and the Warner House, or "Warner's Coffee House," as it was often called, there was a low wooden structure, where Sydenham C. Parsons and his brother, Isaac S. Parsons, kept a drug store and grocery. The second story was used for sleeping rooms for the Warner House guests.

Isaac Clark previously kept a drug store in this little store. He had been in the same business in company with J. P. Williston.

The Warner House was a noted tavern, and had a large patronage. Here the four-horse stages drew up regularly, day and night, on their arrival from and departure for Boston and Albany, Hartford and New Haven, and Brattleboro and Dartmouth. The house was a wooden structure, three stories, with an ell on the east side, underneath which there was a driveway to the barn and sheds in the rear. There was a spacious piazza in front, with colonial posts, covering the second story. The bar-room and office were in front, on the east side, with a door opening into the driveway. The parlor or reception room was on the west side. Both rooms had large fire-places, around which comfort and good cheer abounded. The building was old and had outgrown its usefulness, when, it was destroyed by fire in 1870. Let us stop here awhile and talk with Mr. Warner. He was intelligent and interesting in conversation, a medium sized man, active and efficient. During the twenty-three years that he kept this tavern he formed a wide acquaintance and was very influential in the political field. He was a representative in the legislature five years, also a member of the senate, and exerted a great influence in the community. He had a large family, all of whom were influential, the son bearing his name holding the office of secretary of the commonwealth eighteen years. His

tavern was the principal resort of people who came here to attend court—judges, lawyers, jurors, witnesses, and deputy sheriffs, and travelers from far and near found here most acceptable entertainment. His name became almost a household word throughout Western Massachusetts, so well known was he to all the people.



OLIVER WARNER—TAVERN KEEPER

In the rear of the Warner tavern were the barn and sheds connected with the house, and a livery stable a little to the west, kept by Ebenezer Strong and John A. Clark. There was a pump there, which was resorted to by the village business people for their supply of water.

Next to the Warner House was the store of Col. George Shepard, the hatter, and next to him was Joseph G. Eustis,

harness-maker. Then came Capt. Enos Parsons, who kept a barber-shop, and sold periodicals, and was also express agent. The captain was then a young man, full of energy and ambition. He engaged in brokerage, in which he was quite successful, and then gravitated into the practice of law, becoming one of the leading and most influential citizens of the town.

Capt. Parsons was one of the most active men the town ever had. He was distinguished for his self-reliance, energy, determination, and general business capacity. He was long in active life. Beginning as a barber in the early forties, he advanced solely by his own efforts to be auctioneer, broker, merchant, lawyer, railroad agent and settler of many estates. He took an active interest in the town meetings and was very influential in town affairs. He did much, as president of the village improvement society, to beautify the town by setting out shade trees. Few men have lived here who have been as prominent and influential as Capt. Enos Parsons.

Col. George Shepard was for fifty years in business here as hatter, beginning with Nathan Dikeman. The firm of Dikeman & Shepard was almost as well known here as the firm of Wright & Rust, or Tappan & Whitney. Col. Shepard married a daughter of Oliver Warner, the tavern-keeper. He was a selectman several years. He was a quiet, industrious, inoffensive man, given to moderation. It was one of his peculiarities that he rarely wore an overcoat. No matter how severe the weather was, he walked back and forth to his house on King street with only the same clothing that he wore in the house and shop.

Then came the meat market and grocery of Justin Thayer & Co., and to the present day a market has been kept on the same spot.

James Reed, merchant tailor, came next. With him was his brother, Warren Reed. He was succeeded by George Wells and his son, William, and by Wells & Hibbard, who carried on the same business there many years.

The post office was kept in different places on Granite

Row forty years or more. For a long time it was in the present store of Mandell, the boot and shoe dealer, when Lorenzo W. Joy was postmaster.

The Northampton bank occupied the east corner of Granite Row, with the law office of C. P. Huntington and William Allen in the second story, and Judge Forbes on the third floor. It was here that the great bank robbery occurred in January, 1876, when nearly a million and a half dollars' worth of money, bonds and stocks were stolen. Charles E. Smith, lawyer, had an office on this Row, and in 1840 Capt. John B. Angur had a tailor shop there.

There was no Center street, as now, and no building back of the old church, except the boys' high school, on the lot now occupied by the Center Grammar school. Court street extended in the rear of the church and connected with Main street. The street between the bank and the church was mainly used as a driveway to the Warner House barns and the livery stable of Ebenezer Strong and John Clark.

The old church and the court house are left for further notice later on. Rev. Charles Wiley was the pastor of this church from 1837 to 1845, and Rev. E. Y. Swift from 1845 to 1851. The court house officers were—Ithamar Conkey of Amherst, judge of probate; Samuel F. Lyman, register of probate; Samuel Wells, clerk of courts; Samuel L. Hinckley, high sheriff; Dr. Daniel Stebbins, county treasurer to 1846 and J. H. Butler 1846 to 1850; Giles C. Kellogg of Hadley, register of deeds to 1846 and Harvey Kirkland 1846 to 1871.

Between the church and the court house was a three-story brick building, owned by Josiah D. Whitney, who had kept a store there many years. It was known as the "Whitney building." S. W. Hopkins had a dry goods store in the west part and Miss Sarah Clark, familiarly known as "Aunt Sarah," kept a millinery store in the east part. "Aunt Sarah" was a maiden lady and lived to a good old age. She carried on the millinery business in this town a long time and finally removed to Williamsburg.

where in her later years she did a small business in that line. Mr. Hopkins is still living in Syracuse, N. Y., and is yet a vigorous and active man. After Mr. Hopkins, George P. Dickinson kept a dry goods store in this building.

We must not pass unnoticed the old town hall, an inferior looking building, ill adapted to the uses to which it was put. It was built on what at that time was a steep side hill, on the plan of the old-fashioned cider-mills, where the apples were unloaded in the loft and the pressing of the cheeses done below. The hall was entered from the west corner, by a balcony extending along the front, with the door in the center facing Main street. There was a stairway at the west corner, by the side of a stone wall, leading to the level of the basement. The hall would not seat more than 250 to 300 people. The basement was used by the fire department. It was in this basement that Wright & Rust began in 1822 their long business career, dissolving the copartnership in 1848, and each partner continuing in business a long time afterward.

Across King street, on the corner, stood a famous old building, where the old firm of S. & C. Osborn (Sophia and Cecelia), aunts of our venerable citizen, C. H. Dickinson, kept a millinery store. They were maiden ladies and continued in business thirty-two years. They were the leading milliners of the town and county, and for those days did a great business. Their sister, Mrs. Ruth B. Dickinson, was long associated with them, and when the two Osborns retired in 1851, she took the business and carried it on in connection with her son, C. H. Dickinson.

It was in this building that Ebenezer Hancock, father of our Andrew P. Hancock, the veteran printer and janitor of the old church, had his harness shop about forty years, and his appearance in the doorway, arrayed in his large leather apron, and his spectacles, was a familiar sight.

North of this building was a small building occupied by Samuel W. Lee, tinner. He did business there about forty years. His old white horse was almost as well known to the village people as Mr. Lee himself.

Further north, facing on King street, was T. B. Hutchins' house and restaurant. There was a sign over the walk, set on posts, under which those passed who entered the restaurant, which was in the south front corner. There was a well back of the house, which was the resort of many of the merchants for water. Mr. Hutchins was accused of selling liquors, and Mr. Williston got after him for so doing, which caused him trouble and created much ill feeling. Mrs. Hutchins was a very fine cook, and her pies, cakes and ice-cream were famous in all this region. The peculiar flavor of the Hutchins ice-cream still lingers in the memory of our older people.

The accompanying picture of these buildings was taken in 1855, when there had been some changes in the occupants of the buildings. The tinners were Lee & Porter, and Wallace A. Hubbard, another harness maker, occupied the northerly part of the small building, and Patterson & Eustis were in the rooms formerly occupied by S. & C. Osborn, but the buildings were just as they had been for forty years. The Hutchins house stood where Dr. Roberts' house now stands, and the other two buildings were moved in 1861 to the rear and converted into tenements by Charles S. Crouch, carpenter, and are still there.

In front of the Hutchins house, in the fork of the roads, there were two very large elm trees, standing near each other, so that their limbs interlocked, and between these trees were a set of hayscales, where most of the public weighing was done. These scales were owned by Ansel Wright and Christopher Wright, and were in use a long time, but they finally gave way to the march of public improvement, which cleaned out that whole region hayscales, trees, town hall, stone wall, old pump and water trough.

The old pump referred to was located near the easterly corner of the town hall. Water there was at one time supplied from a reservoir on the present site of A. McCallum's house on Prospect street.

This reservoir was built by a company of citizens, to

supply the Mansion House, Warner House, and a few other places. It worked well for awhile, but finally got out of repair and was given up. It was in use some time after 1845.

The water supply of the town was of the poorest. None of the stores on Shop Row had any supply at all. When water was needed they went to some neighboring well for it. There was a well in the cellar of the Whitney building, and Mr. Whitney, whose business consisted in part in dealing in liquors, remarked, when looking at his old well after he had retired from business, that "he had sold a good many gallons of that water at $1.50 a gallon."

COURT STREET, NORTH OF COURT HOUSE.

In the rear of the court house and the Whitney building were a few business places. The old church used the basement of the present Gazette office for a vestry before it erected a wooden chapel, and the center district schools occupied the floor above. The basement of the old church was used for storage purposes of various sorts, with large doors on the east and west sides, near the north end.

On the east corner of Gothic and Court streets, Deacon Chauncey Colton had a furniture store, and for a few years he was the agent of a union grocery store, which was not successful. The deacon was a good man, but not a money-maker. He erected the block which he occupied.

Next to Deacon Colton's were the furniture rooms of Silas M. Smith, who lived long and prospered.

In the rear, where B. J. Higgins' blacksmith shop now is, Solomon Weller carried on the same business, and before him Bohan Clapp had his blacksmith shop there, and there has been a blacksmith shop on that spot more than one hundred years.

Next below, where Jones's block now stands, was a two-story brick building. Elijah Abbott had a paint shop on the first floor, and in the second story was John Metcalf, the only exclusive job printer in town. His son, Lyman Met-

calf, became associated with him in the business, and with them another son, William, worked many years. The Metcalfs did a good business for those days. Until about 1850 they had only the old-fashioned hand presses. Then they put in a small press, run by foot power, and that was the first job press run by other than hand power used in this town. Sylvester Judd's History of Hadley was printed in this office, all the press work being done on a hand press by Lyman Metcalf. Mr. Judd had obtained subscriptions for the book before he began printing, amounting to about three hundred. He would not print more than the number ordered, so distrustful was he of the demand, but the Metcalfs had more faith in it, and, with Mr. Judd's consent, printed one hundred and fifty extra sheets, which they kept unbound until the demand caused them to be put into the binder's hands. The binding was done at the Butler bindery, under the supervision of Henry Childs. The work of printing occupied a long time, and while it was in progress Mr. Judd visited the printing office almost daily, to supervise the proof-reading. He was a most painstaking man, and looked carefully after every detail of his work.

Next to the job printing office was a wooden building, where James R. Day, a man considerably over six feet in height, carried on a stove and tin shop. He was a rampant Whig, and he and Augustus Clarke and Miles Moise did most of the field work for the Whig party. After Day came Nathan Hines Felton in the stove store.

One day Mr. Felton was addressing a letter to a man in Goshen. Henry Childs happened to be present and was looking over Felton's shoulder as he was addressing the letter. Childs was fond of a joke and he played one on Felton. When Felton had written "Go," Childs said, "t-i-o-n," and Felton wrote it out in good faith, making it read "Gotion," but after looking at it for awhile, and comparing it with the smile on Childs's face, he concluded that if his letter ever got to Goshen it would have to be addressed according to the legal way of spelling the name of the town.

Then came C. M. Kinney, the marble worker, on the corner of Court and King streets, and the same business is still carried on there by his son, C. W. Kinney, and William Godfrey, under the name of the Hampshire Marble Company.

On King street, opposite Squire Wells's (the next house north of J. P. Williston's), was the paint-shop of David B. Whitcomb, where pure Democratic paint was mixed and unadulterated Democracy expounded. Mr. Whitcomb had his paint-shop there about thirty years.

A familiar figure around the stove stores and tin shops of this period was an old colored man, who went by the name of "Juba," from his frequent use of that word by way of ejaculation. "By Juba!" was his habitual method of emphasizing—his exclamation point.

THE TAVERNS AND STORES FAVORITE PLACES OF RESORT.

It was a prevalent custom in these olden times for men to gather in the stores, as well as in the taverns, in evenings and during the days, for general visiting and discussion of public affairs. Wright & Rust's store was a favorite place for the farmers and laboring people to assemble, and after the dissolution of the firm in 1848 and the establishment of a store by each of the partners, the same custom prevailed in both stores. Around the stove at Theodore Rust's store were found every day a party of farmers and laborers from South street and "Pancake Plain," and the same was the case at Ansel Wright's store. The store of Deacon Daniel Kingsley was a favorite place for another grade of men to assemble. There, on many a forenoon, were gathered a goodly company of old church men, patrons of Deacon Kingsley and fellow-worshipers in the church. There often were found Deacon Eliphalet Williams, Lewis Strong, and others prominent in the church. Church matters were discussed there, and the guiding minds were those of Lewis Strong and Deacon Williams, from whose decisions there was no appeal.

EDWIN KINGSLEY'S HOUSE AND BLACKSMITH SHOP. HOLLEY HOUSE AND HAT FACTORY.

The house of Edwin Kingsley and his blacksmith shop, (the house on the right, the blacksmith shop next,) shown in this picture, stood on the site of the present Academy of Music. The house was built by Nathaniel Day in 1792, and about 1850 was removed to the rear and gave place to a two-story brick house, in which Mr. Kingsley lived and died. This house and the blacksmith shop were torn down when the Academy of Music was erected by E. H. R. Lyman in 1891. The Holley house, next below the blacksmith shop, stands there now, just as it stood sixty years ago. The hat factory, next below the Holley house, was destroyed by fire about 1850. That building stood in front of the present Prindle residence. This picture is from a painting on wood, made about fifty years ago. It is not as accurate as a photograph, but it serves to give a fairly correct idea of that part of Main street as it was a half-century ago.

CHAPTER V.

DISRUPTION OF POLITICAL PARTIES — THE FREE SOIL CAMPAIGN — REMARKABLE TRIUMPH OF ERASTUS HOPKINS — INDEPENDENT POLITICAL MOVEMENTS — ELECTION OF SAMUEL WELLS, ELISHA H. BREWSTER AND HARVEY KIRKLAND FOR COUNTY OFFICERS AS INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES — ELECTION OF LUKE LYMAN FOR REGISTER OF PROBATE — THE WAR ON MAJOR KIRKLAND — DAVID B. WHITCOMB, LEADING DEMOCRAT — HAMPSHIRE COUNTY THE BIRTHPLACE OF POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

> Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
> Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky
> —*Tobias Smollett, 1721.*

The organization of the Free Soil party and its improved prospects in 1848, bring us to the beginning of the most remarkable political period in the history of the town. Other political campaigns had been stoutly contested, but had invariably resulted in the triumph of the Whigs, until that party came to believe itself invincible. Here, however, was a fight, in which it more than met its match. It proved to be its Waterloo.

The Free Soil party was in 1848 very strong in Northampton. It had the powerful support of Erastus Hopkins, one of the foremost citizens of the town, and until then one of the Whig leaders. He had been a leading "Conscience Whig," and he came to the Free Soil party fully equipped with sound anti-slavery doctrine and gifted with a fluency of speech, a logical power and a brilliancy of eloquence rarely equalled. He had a large personal following,

He was a gentleman of pleasing manners, of dignified and stately presence, possessed a kindly disposition, and won friends easily. He rallied and united the anti-slavery forces in splendid shape. The nomination of Van Buren was a bitter pill to the old Whigs, who had fought him in two previous Presidential campaigns, and those of them who accepted him as the anti-slavery leader did so with great reluctance. They overlooked the man and his antecedents, and voted for the anti-slavery principles which his candidacy represented.

Mr. Hopkins addressed his fellow-citizens many times during the campaign, holding large meetings in the town hall, and such was his influence and so strong was the anti-slavery feeling that when the votes for President were counted they stood—for Martin Van Buren, Free Soil, 389; for Gen. Zachary Taylor, Whig, 307; for Gen. Lewis Cass, Democrat, 90. The vote was the largest that had ever been cast in the town.

The effect of this vote was most depressing to the Whigs. The Gazette declared that their defeat was unexpected. It had looked for about an even race between the Whigs and Free Soilers, and to be beaten by a majority of eighty-two was mortifying to the last degree. That the great Whig party of Northampton, embracing the wealth, the culture, the flower of the town, should be defeated, cast down, overthrown, by the new Free Soil party under the lead of Erastus Hopkins, was a terrible blow to its pride.

But the end was not yet. The Presidential election and the state election were not held on the same day. The voting for President came a week before the voting for state officers. There was yet a chance for the Whigs to recover their lost ground. They tried to improve it. Their candidate for Governor was George N. Briggs of Pittsfield, whose popularity with the people of Western Massachusetts had been repeatedly tested. He was the most available candidate they could name. He was a deacon of the Baptist church, had been twice elected to Congress, and had been four times elected Governor. The

main object of the Whigs was to "down" Mr. Hopkins. He had been sent by them as one of the town's representatives to the legislature four years, he had left their party, and their hatred of him was intense. He was again put in nomination by the Free Soilers. Many of the old-line Democrats had joined the Free Soil ranks, but a few still remained faithful to their old flag.

With Mr. Hopkins the Free Soilers nominated Major William Parsons of South street, a mild, even-tempered, inoffensive man, who had been a Democrat. This made a strong ticket, as it combined both the former Whig and Democratic elements. Many of the Democrats who still adhered to their state ticket, supported Hopkins and Parsons. They had been held down with their noses on the revolving grindstone by the Whigs so many years that they were ready to vote for almost anything that would defeat their old enemy. The Whigs nominated as their representative ticket Osmyn Baker and Charles Smith.

The day of election came. Every voter in town who could be got out was brought to the polls. The total vote was 833, exceeding the vote cast for President the week before, 17. Hopkins and Parsons were elected, receiving 62 more votes than the Whig ticket, and a clear majority of 23. This was a splendid personal triumph for Mr. Hopkins, and was so regarded by both his friends and enemies. The next year the fight was renewed, with equal bitterness and intensity, but the result was the same. Editor Hawley felt keenly the defeat of his party and spoke of the new anti-slavery movement as the "Free Soil delusion."

The night before the election the Whigs held a rally in the town hall, with addresses by several of their local leaders, one of whom denounced Mr. Hopkins as a "political peacock." This so offended some of the Whigs that a number of them made it an excuse for voting for him.

In 1850 Mr. Hopkins was not a candidate, and the Free Soil ticket for representatives was David Joy and George F. Wright. At the first trial they failed of an election, and at another trial on the "fourth Monday" they lacked

only two votes of success, a majority vote being necessary. The town was unrepresented that year.

In 1851 the Free Soilers again placed Mr. Hopkins in nomination, and associated with him on the ticket Captain Azariah Clapp. The Captain had been a Democrat and was considered an available man to run with Mr. Hopkins. The result proved so. They were both elected.

A week before the election of 1851 the Courier announced that "We shall illuminate the Courier office on Monday evening next, in honor of the election of two coalition representatives in Northampton on that day." The election came, the two coalition representatives were chosen, and the Courier office was illuminated according to this announcement. The election of Mr. Hopkins and "Cap'n Riah" was celebrated on election night by a grand procession, headed by the brass band, which marched to the residences of both the successful candidates, and then drew up in front of the Courier office and gave three cheers for the Courier and its illumination.

That Mr. Hopkins' course in this campaign was dictated solely by principle is apparent from the conditions of parties then existing. He was in the prime of his manhood, with a promising future before him. He stood well with the Whig party, which was the controlling power in the town, county and state. He could have had anything in the line of political promotion that he desired. All this he sacrificed. He was an original "Conscience Whig." There were Whigs whose consciences were quickened by the anti-slavery wave which was rising throughout the North. These were called "Conscience Whigs." Mr. Hopkins was active in this movement, and when the break came in 1848 he was a recognized leader in the enlarged anti-slavery movement. He could not hope for political promotion by such action. The anti-slavery men were not office-seekers. They were weak in numbers and labored only for the advancement of a great principle. Mr. Hopkins was governed entirely by his devotion to this principle. He cast in his lot with the lowly and despised. And

therein he acted wisely. His townsmen stood by him with a loyalty that was most inspiring.

Better the fame which he won in this adhesion to a despised and feeble party, for the sake of a principle which has become the keynote of all liberty-loving people, than the offices and honors he could have had by following the larger and stronger element of the Whig party.

ERASTUS HOPKINS.

The Free Soilers were a noble class of men, strong in intellect and of high moral character. They did not embrace much of the wealthy class, but were made up largely of men in middle life and advanced years and moderate circumstances. Among them were (I rely only upon memory), Erastus Hopkins, Cyrus Noble, Henry Shepherd,

Lyman and Josiah Parsons, President William Allen and his son the late Judge, Deacon John P. Williston, William F. Arnold, H. K. Starkweather and his sons Charles, Haynes and Alfred, William D. Clapp, Oliver Warner and his sons Oliver, Edward, Seth and John, Willard A. Arnold, Deacon Enos Clark, Moses Breck, Deacon Jared Clark, Deacon Aaron Breck, Aaron Breck, Jr., Dr. G. D. Peck, Austin Ross, Samuel A. Bottum, Benjamin Johnson and his sons Benjamin S. and Charles B., Solomon Warner, A. P. Critchlow, Samuel L. Hill, David Joy, Charles P. Huntington, Webster Herrick, D. Munroe Clapp, J. D. Kellogg, Samuel Day, John W. Wilson, Porter Nutting, Hiram Day, Abel Parent, C. M. Kinney, Edwin Kingsley, Samuel F. Lyman, Curtis W. Braman, John Bridgman, Sylvester Bridgman, Sidney E. Bridgman, Deacon Chauncey Colton, William Tillotson, Dr. Horace Clark, Major William Parsons, Jonathan P. Strong, Charles H. Dickinson, Dr. E. T. Wood, Samuel N. Wood, Marcus Moody, Ira Chilson, Charles A. Dayton, Rev. D. M. Crane, Rev. William Tyler, J. D. Kellogg, Jr., Silas D. Clark, William Closson, Willard Lyon, S. D. Thayer, Zenas Field, Zenas Field, Jr., John Metcalf, William Metcalf, Alonzo Eustis, Elihu Strong, Herman Smith, Israel Dickinson, Lyman Metcalf, Seth Strong, Seth Hunt, Walter Pease, Fred A. Stockwell, Calvin Stockwell, A. Perry Peck, Charles S. Crouch, Elijah Kingsley, Linus Noble, Sumner Clark, Joshua Sibley, Samuel Simmons, Ansel Wright, George F. Wright, Theodore Rust, Calvin Clark, Capt. Samuel Parsons, Samuel L. Parsons, Isaac S. Parsons, Col. Joseph B. Parsons, Asa Wright, Col. Edward Parsons, Spencer Parsons, Horace L. Kingsley, Elihu Clark, Capt. Joseph Allen, Capt. Joseph Conant, Amzi Allen, Alfred T. Lilly, Joel Abercrombie, Col. Thomas Pomeroy, Ansel Jewett, Daniel R. Clark, Dexter Clark, Calvin Clark, Enos Clark, Jr., Sylvester Judd, Col. Daniel Willcutt, George Willcutt, Col. George Shepard, Dea. William H. Stoddard, Jacob Parsons, Richard B. Davis, George Davis, Capt. Azariah Clapp, Elijah D. Clapp, Merrick Clapp, George Ellsworth,

Abel Main, Moses Warner, John F. Warner, Joseph Warner, Edwin W. Warner, Dr. David Ruggles, Basil Dorsey, John R. Selman, Josiah Dickinson, Luther Clark, A. W Thayer, Dr. E. E. Denniston, George Bennett, Oliver A. Hubbard, T. B. Hutchins, Samuel Phelps, Moses Phelps, Solomon Phelps, Spencer Phelps, Dr. Charles Walker, S. C. Parsons, Dr. Jared Bartlett, J. D. Wells, Charles Strong, Ansel Abells, William R. Clapp, Nathan H. Felton, Hopkins Clapp, Edwin Banister.

Of the Whigs I recall these: William A. Hawley, Winthrop Hillyer, George Sergeant, Enos Parsons, Elijah Abbott, Samuel W. Lee, Ebenezer Hancock, Henry Bright, Nathan Dikeman, Henry Dikeman, Daniel Kingsley, Henry Strong, Morris Strong, William Strong, Charles B. Kingsley, George Wells, James Reed, Cornelius Delano, Asahel Wood, J. Harvey Searle, Lyman Kingsley, James R. Trumbull, Theodore Bartlett, Judge C. A. Dewey, Luther I. Washburn, William O. Gotham, Capt. Jonathan Brewster, Lewis Parsons, J. Smith Parsons, Josiah W. Smith, Ozro C. Wright, Edwin C. Clark, Daniel W. Clark, John A. Clark, Ebenezer Strong, Elisha Strong, Asa Strong, George Strong, Charles Edwards, Alexander Edwards, Ceylon Moody, William F. Quigley, Thomas Musgrave, Benjamin North, Samuel Whitmarsh, Thomas Whitmarsh, Thomas Pratt, William F. Pratt, Charles S. Pratt, John B. Graves, Robert B. Graves, Elisha Graves, S. W. Hopkins, Henry B. Graves, John W. Hubbard, William Clark, William Clark, Jr., Lucius Clark, Charles Clark, Sidney L. Clark, Francis Clark, Merritt Clark, Henry Childs, J. H. Butler, Major Harvey Kirkland, Samuel Wells, Deacon James Hibben, J. D. Whitney, Dr. Daniel Thompson, Dr. James Thompson, Charles E. Forbes, Charles F. Smith, Charles Smith, M. M. French, Benjamin E Cook, Joseph Lathrop, William F. Kingsley, Christopher Wright, Christopher Clarke, Augustus Clarke, John Clarke, Edward Clarke, James R. Day, Miles Moise, Col. Justin Thayer, Horace Cook, Justin Smith, Samuel L. Hinckley, Dr. Benjamin Barrett, Deacon Ephalet Williams, David Damon,

Capt. Isaac Damon, Dr. Sylvester Graham, Lewis Strong, Col. Calvin Strong, Jonathan Strong, Horace Lyman, Silas M. Smith, Asahel Abells, William H. Todd, Edward Kingsley, Ahira Lyman, John H. Fowle, Seth Wright, Nathan Storrs, Wells Storrs, Samuel Williams, Phenix Williams, Erastus Slate, Luman Bartlett, Dr. S. B. Woodward, Cephas Strong, William E. Partridge, George P. Dickinson, Elijah Allen, Solomon Weller, Roland Weller, Julius Phelps, Amasa D. Wade, Dr. J. W. Smith, George W. Edwards, Milo J. Smith, Charles H. Smith, Horace A. Collins, William W. Partridge, Capt. Fred Clark, George Laidley, David Laidley, Alpheus Lyman, William Graves, Martin B. Graves, Luther Hamilton, Luther H. Edwards, Horace I. Hodges, Luke Lyman, James I. West, James W. Clark, Milo L. Smith, Louis Tribus, William C. Prentiss, Benj. North, Capt. Sereno Kingsley, James M. Bucknam.

The Democrats were few in number and had but a few leaders of prominence, including Thomas Shepherd, Hiram Ferry, David B. Whitcomb, H. H. Chilson, Amos H. Bullen, Capt. Hervey Smith and Samuel P. Janes.

I look in vain through these lists of names for more than a handful of those who are still living. Only eleven in the list of Free Soilers are alive, and only twelve of the Whigs. The living Free Soilers are Charles and Alfred Starkweather, Hiram Day, C. M. Kinney, Sidney E. Bridgman, C. H. Dickinson, J. D. Kellogg, Joshua Sibley, Benjamin Pratt, and Isaac S. and Col. J. B. Parsons. The surviving Whigs are, J. Harvey Searle, Charles S. Pratt, Merritt Clark, William H. Todd, Christopher Clarke, Robert B. Graves, William F Kingsley, Edward Kingsley, Stephen W. Hopkins, David Laidley, Luther H. Edwards, and William E. Partridge.

ELECTION OF WELLS AND BREWSTER AS INDEPENDENTS IN 1856.

Another notable political contest in which the Courier took a leading part, occurred in 1856. This was the first year of the Republican party. The Know Nothing party

had been in power three years. When the Republican county convention met to nominate county officers, there had been no pre-arrangement for it. It was not the custom in those days to fix up the local nominations in advance, as is done now. Samuel Wells was clerk of the courts and Elisha H. Brewster was the outgoing county commissioner. To the surprise of everyone, these men were not renominated. Their defeat was attributed to a conspiracy, in which the fag-ends of the defunct Know Nothing party played an important part. James W. Boyden of Amherst was the nominee for clerk of courts, and Charles S. Ferry of Granby was nominated for county commissioner.

Squire Wells felt badly over his defeat. He had done nothing to influence the convention, neither had Mr. Brewster. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction, more especially on account of Mr. Wells, as he was well along in years and without other means of support. The next issue of the Courier came out with a blazing article, denouncing the action of the convention and calling upon the people to revolt. There was an immediate response from all over the county. The revolt spread like wildfire. Cornelius Delano took an active part in canvassing the county for the independent ticket. He was an old politician and an experienced political worker. He went to every town and was accompanied by Jonathan L. Wells, his son-in-law. The result was that the independent ticket was elected. Mr. Wells's majority was 527, and Mr. Brewster's 277.

This was about the first revolt from the regular party action that occurred in the county. A regular nomination had been considered equivalent to an election, and a bolter was held to be a traitor and lost standing with his party. Mr. Brewster did not enter into this revolt with much heartiness. He felt the force of the position taken by the regulars, and being then a young man with some ambition he hesitated about running as an independent. He was so far influenced by that reasoning that he published a brief letter in both the Gazette and the Courier of the week pre-

ceding the election, stating that he was "not a candidate." But it was too late. The tickets had been printed and distributed, all bearing his name, and he was elected in spite of his declination.

It was a fortunate result for the county, as Mr. Brewster proved to be one of the best commissioners the county ever had. After that he had no opposition in his party during the eighteen years of his service in that office.

The Gazette took no part in this independent movement. It gave the independent ticket no open support, and nominally supported the regular nominees, though doubtless wishing the bolters success. The paper was then, as it always had been under Editor Hawley, a strict party organ. It played but one tune, and that was to support the party nominations, whatever they might be. The Courier was the independent paper of the period, and it led the procession in all the independent political movements of the times.

SPIRITED CONTEST FOR REGISTER OF PROBATE IN 1858.

In 1858 there was a spirited contest for register of probate. There had been a court of insolvency separate from the court of probate, of which Luke Lyman was register. A. P. Peck was the register of the probate court. The legislature consolidated the two courts, and both of these registers contested for the election. The contest was lively. In the Republican county convention Lyman won the nomination, receiving thirty-five votes, and Peck thirty. The contest was then carried to the people, with the result that Lyman was successful by a majority of 109, after both parties had scoured the county. This was the beginning of General Lyman's long career as a county official. He proved to be an excellent public officer and wielded great political influence in town and county.

Gen. Lyman owed his election to the support which the Gazette gave him. The Gazette and the Courier were united at that time and one of the editors was then nomi-

nated and elected county treasurer. A combination was formed, by which Mr. Lyman profited. The papers were not united until Nov. 1, but the union was planned early in October, just in time to influence the county convention and to control the election.

THE WAR ON MAJOR HARVEY KIRKLAND.

Perhaps the most bitter political contest ever known in Hampshire county was that which centered upon Major Harvey Kirkland. It was a long-fought struggle, and covered many years. Major Kirkland came here from Norwich (now Huntington) and first engaged as clerk in the register of deeds' office under Giles C. Kellogg. He was a very competent man from the first, and a most excellent penman. He was remarkably accurate and painstaking in everything that he did, which was appreciated by the people of the county. In 1846 he was elected register of deeds, succeeding Mr. Kellogg, who had held the office thirteen years. For some reason trouble arose between him and William Clark, a citizen of high standing in the community and a man of strong will and great determination. Mr. Clark declared war on the Major, and every three years, when he came up for re-election, there was a battle royal. Major Kirkland also held the office of secretary and treasurer of the Hampshire Mutual fire insurance company, and the war followed him there. The county was scoured for delegates to the county convention every third year, and for proxies in the insurance company every year. In 1861 the contest was so fierce that the court room had to be opened to accommodate the crowd of policy-holders that attended the insurance meeting. Major Kirkland's case was managed at the meeting by Charles Delano, and Mr. Clark brought up William G. Bates from Westfield to lead the opposition. The Major came off victorious and with flying colors, as he had in all previous contests in the insurance company and in the county conventions. He was a good political manager and made ample preparation

for any emergency. With all his excellent qualities as an official he had one weakness. He could not bear opposition and was overbearing in manner, so much so that he made enemies in every contest. His enemies were strong and bitter and their number kept growing from year to year. But the Major was able to "down them" at every contest, until at the end he met his Waterloo.

In 1861 the Republican county convention failed to nominate Major Kirkland for reelection. Mr. Clark and his boys, William and Lucius, had worked up their case so well that the Major was thrown overboard. H. K. Starkweather was nominated in his stead, by a vote in the convention of 32 to 26. But the Major was not disheartened. He appealed to the people of the county, and they gave him a majority of 1241 votes at the polls, the vote standing, Kirkland 2398, Starkweather 1157.

This overwhelming victory emboldened Major Kirkland and he bore down upon his enemies more roughly than ever. This, of course, only increased their strength. It made new enemies and embittered old ones, and the day of final reckoning came. In the county convention of 1870, the Major was defeated, and Henry P. Billings was nominated. The vote in convention was: Billings 35, Kirkland 28. The Major again appealed to the people as an independent candidate, but the tide was against him from the start. The vote in the county stood: Billings 2947, Kirkland 1747. Mr. Billings was a young man of unexceptional character and manners, and a soldier in the Civil war, and he proved too strong a candidate for the Major to overcome.

Major Kirkland accepted his defeat with as much grace as possible, but he never forgave his enemies nor failed to remember his friends. He could not understand why he should be defeated, but the public easily detected the reason. If he had pursued a more conciliatory policy he could have defied his enemies and held his office as long as he pleased, for no one ever found any fault with his discharge of its duties. His records are models of neatness, accuracy

and legibility, and will stand an imperishable testimony to his faithfulness and ability. There never was a dishonest or mean act ever traced to him. He managed large affairs and proved true to every trust reposed in him. He had strong and influential supporters. Among them were J. H. Butler, General Cook, Osmyn Baker, Charles Delano, Judge Forbes and J. P. Williston of Northampton, Edward Dickinson and Ithamar F. Conkey of Amherst, Otis Lane and William Hyde of Ware, Elisha H. Brewster of Worthington, Col. Elisha Edwards and Luther Edwards of Southampton, Samuel Williston of Easthampton, and George W. Hubbard of Hatfield.

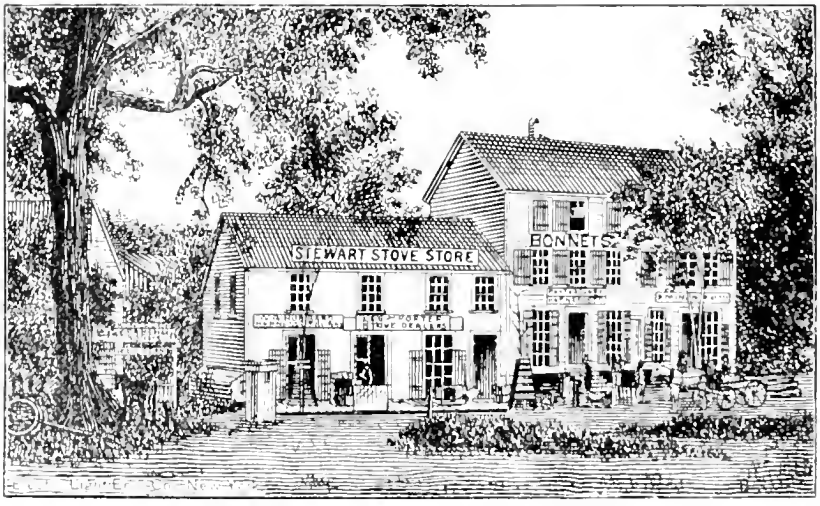
H. G. KNIGHT OF EASTHAMPTON CHOSEN COUNCILLOR AS AN INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE.

An independent movement that created widespread interest occurred in 1867, and resulted in the election of Hon. Horatio G. Knight of Easthampton to the Governor's Council. The Republican nomination that year belonged by the usual custom of rotation to Hampshire, and the choice of the county fell upon Mr. Knight. The convention was held at Chester, out-doors, in front of the town hall. Sylvander Johnson of North Adams contested for the prize and he was successful by a bare majority. The nomination so clearly belonged to Hampshire that the Hampshire delegates were not only disappointed, but greatly angered. It was decided that Mr. Knight should run as an independent candidate. The contest was a lively one and the district was well worked by Mr. Knight's friends, especially the counties of Hampshire and Hampden. The vote was close. On the morning after election the Springfield Republican, with incomplete returns, announced that Mr. Johnson was probably elected, but the later returns, being from towns in Western Hampshire, where Mr. Knight was very strong, gave him the election by a majority of 283. Mr. Knight received every vote but one of the 317 votes cast in Easthampton, all but four of the 1042 votes in Northampton, and every vote in Cum-

mington, Chesterfield, Goshen, Plainfield, Middlefield, Pelham, Southampton, Worthington and Westhampton. The vote in Hampshire county was, Knight 4,248, Johnson 995. Mr. Johnson accepted his defeat gracefully, supported Mr. Knight cordially for re-election, and was himself elected as Mr. Knight's successor. Since then the councillor district has paid due respect to the claims of Hampshire.

DAVID B. WHITCOMB, OLD-LINE DEMOCRAT.

No sketch of these eventful political times of half a century ago would be complete without mention of David B. Whitcomb, one of the leaders of the local Democracy. He was a Democrat of Democrats, with a will-power rivaling that of Andrew Jackson. It was never necessary to inquire where he stood in any political contest. He was always in the same position, with his eyes on the Democratic flag and his shoulder to the Democratic wheel. No matter what came, victory or defeat, storm or calm, the balmy breeze or the whirlwind, he was at the front, ready to continue the fight for the Democratic cause. He was one of the most unyielding of men. He maintained his position, not only with firmness, but with, to him, convincing argument. There were two other men in town, of similar zeal, but of less argumentative power—Elijah Abbott, painter, and Samuel W. Lee, tinner, both as firmly Whig as Whitcomb was Democratic. Often these men would meet in the street and discuss political matters. They would get so excited and talk so loud as to attract general attention. Though they argued long and loud, they never made any impression upon each other, except to confirm each in his previously formed opinion. Mr. Whitcomb, though he hated the Whigs and was glad to see them overthrown here in their stronghold, never yielded to the Free Soil movement nor voted for its candidates, and lived and died firm in the faith of the Democratic gospel, as it came down to him from Jefferson and Jackson. His sons, Waldo, David and Parker, are chips of the old block.



CORNER MAIN AND KING STREETS.

This picture represents the south-easterly corner of Main and King streets, where the First National Bank building now stands, as it appeared in 1855. The large building on the right is now a tenement house, standing in the rear of the Smith Charities building. It was moved away in 1864. It was occupied in part in 1855 by Ebenezer Hancock, saddler, who kept his shop there all the time he was in business here, nearly forty years. In the northerly side of this building the Misses S. & C. Osborn had their millinery shop for thirty-two years previous to 1851. The sign, "Bonnets and Ribbons," is seen in large letters painted on the building above the second story. At the time of taking this picture this part of the building was occupied by Patterson & Eustis, harness-makers.

The smaller building, to the left, was occupied in part by Lee & Porter, stove-dealers. Here Samuel W. Lee was in business about forty years, retiring in 1858. The white horse seen in this picture, in front of the three-story building, was Mr. Lee's, and the veteran tinner himself was sit-

ting in the wagon. Wallace A. Hubbard, another harness-maker, and a musician of some note, had his shop in the northerly end. This building also was moved to the rear, when the bank building was erected, and converted into a tenement. The two old wooden buildings were sold by Osmyn Baker to Charles S. Crouch, who moved them off and fitted them up for tenements in 1861.

The white building on the extreme left was the house of T. B. Hutchins. He lived there and kept a small restaurant and ice-cream saloon. In the warm season this was a famous resort for lovers of ice-cream. Dr. Roberts' brick house now stands on the site of this old white house.

The large elm tree seen on the left was one of two trees set near together by Deacon Ebenezer Hunt and his son Seth, about 1750.

The land covering this corner, from Dr. Roberts' line on King street to Main street and down to the Connecticut River railroad, including the Polly Pomeroy place on Main street, was bought in 1861 by Osmyn Baker, and the bank building and Smith Charities building were erected there a few years afterward. Mr. Baker was then trustee and treasurer of the Smith Charities. The purchase was made of John and Hannah Tappan of Boston, and the price paid was $15,500.

This King street corner has always been a noted place for business purposes, and more than one hundred years ago Robert Breck and Seth Wright were quite large traders there. Robert Breck was the first postmaster of the town, and kept the post-office at his store on this corner.

The small panes of glass seen in the three-story building give a good idea of the prevailing style of windows in the years 1800 to 1850.

The picture of Mr. Hopkins, shown on page 60, was taken in 1869, about three years before his decease.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTES ON VARIOUS MATTERS—NEW BUILDINGS—STAGE COACHES—MAIN STREET PARK—BELL RINGING—BEAUTIFYING THE TOWN—FEW CONSTABLES—THE TOWERING ELMS—GREAT MEN OF KING STREET—OLD DOCTORS—INDEPENDENT POST SYSTEM—CATTLE SHOWS—PLOWING MATCHES—GROWTH OF THE TOWN—SCHOOLS—FLOGGING BOYS—PECULIAR CHARACTERS—EATING COWS IN THE STREETS.

> Think naught a trifle, though it small appear.
> Small sands the mountain, moments make the year
> And trifles life.
>
> *Young*

My recollections of the town have ever been most pleasing. I have known all its people, and had agreeable associations with most of them. Probably no man who ever lived in the town has written so much about its people, and especially about its prominent men, as the writer of these sketches. For fifty-seven years he has been in and out with them. He has written of them living, and written of them dead. They were men of stalwart character, good and true. They gave the town its good name and its enviable distinction, and are worthy of being spoken of with respect and admiration.

ONLY THREE FOREIGN VOTERS.

Great changes have taken place in the character of the people of the town during my residence here. When I came here the foreign population was very small. Michael Williams, Patrick Hayes and a man who worked on Round Hill comprised about all the foreign-born voters in town. The rest were of the old original Yankee stock, strong, vigorous, able, influential.

THE CENTER NEARLY ALL BUILT ANEW.

I have seen, with half a dozen exceptions, every building in the center of the town, from the college to the railroad crossing, either remodeled or entirely rebuilt. The Baptist church and the Unitarian church still remain much as they were, though each has received some additions, the former an improved tower, and the latter an extension in the rear. The George Bennett house next west of the Baptist church, now owned and occupied by Dr. Higbee, is there yet, and the canal storehouse, now Warren's livery stable, is still there; also the Prindle house and the Holley house and livery stable. The last two have changed least of all. All else has been built new or reconstructed so as to entirely change their outward appearance. Every building on Shop Row has been changed, so that, with a single exception, nothing remains of its former appearance. This exception is the granite front block occupied by the Butler bookstore and the Cook jewelry store. That remains as it was built in its front, in 1828, excepting that its front windows have changed and the front roof raised and pitched to the rear.

COMING OF THE RAILROAD.

Nothing has been so marked in the ever-changing character of the town as its means of transportation. The canal had come and gone, and then came the day of the steam railroad. The first passenger train from Springfield came to Northampton in December, 1845. I remember it well, as I was at the depot to assist in giving it welcome. There was quite a collection of people there, and a considerable number of Northampton men were on the train. The train stopped just below the south end of the depot, and Augustus Clarke, one of those on board the train, jumped off and called for three cheers for the new railroad, which were given with great emphasis.

The construction of the railroad to Springfield was a great thing for Northampton. It was labored for most

earnestly by the leading men of the town, who figured that it would be a good investment, but it has far surpassed all their expectations. The stock in its early years sold as low as $50 a share, and now is scarce at $280.

THE OLD STAGE COACHES.

The times of which we write were the harvest days of the stage-coaching business. Lines of stages ran from Northampton in every direction, to Boston on the east, to Albany on the west, to Hartford and New York on the south, to Brattleboro and Dartmouth on the north. Northampton was a great stage-coach center. It had taverns equal to the demand. There were the Warner House, the Mansion House, the American House, the Nonotuck House, and the Curtis tavern, in the center, and "Paul Strong's" and "Sol Warner's" on the road to Williamsburg. Some of the owners and managers of these lines were Cornelius Delano and Asahel Wood of Northampton, James H. Clapp of Belchertown, and Chester W. Chapin of Springfield. The large barn on River street was built and used for the staging business, also the Holley barn on Main street. The arrival and departure of the stages was the principal feature of the day, and the music of the bugle announcing the coming of the stage-coach was ever a pleasing sound to the village dwellers.

THE PARK IN THE CENTER OF MAIN STREET.

In the center of Main street, opposite the Butler bookstore, there was a small park, oval in shape, on which were a number of maple and elm trees, affording grateful shade and beauty. The park was enclosed with a low wooden railing, and in the center was a fine liberty pole, from which the national flag floated on great occasions. The park was about one hundred feet in length. As the town grew in population more room for public travel was needed, and this park, the pride of the merchants on Shop Row, who made it from earth brought from the Governor Strong

lot when the Connecticut River railroad was built, was removed by the selectmen. It grieved the hearts of the merchants to see it go, and Marvin French and others on the "Row" begged the authorities to spare even one tree. But they refused, and this beauty spot of the center disappeared.

BELL RINGING AT NOON AND NINE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

One feature of the times of half a century ago, which has gone with the passing years, was the ringing of the old church bell at noon and at nine o'clock at night. This custom, so dear to the old people, who heard its familiar sound at those hours in their youth, was kept up here until about thirty years ago, when the town fathers, without authority from the town, discontinued it. In the early times it was of special value to the many toilers in the meadows, in notifying them of the noon hour; but it was of little use in these times of numerous clocks and watches and passing railroad trains at regular hours, but there were some who regretted its discontinuance. There are things that have a value because of their antiquity, like an ancient clock or an old piece of furniture, and this old bell-ringing custom was one of this class.

BEAUTIFYING THE TOWN.

The old residents of fifty to sixty years ago paid much attention to beautifying the town. Capt. Isaac Damon was prominent in this work. He was the master carpenter who built the old church in 1810-12. He was one of the most public-spirited men in the town and took great pride in improving and beautifying its appearance. Capt. Jonathan Brewster, keeper of the old Mansion House, near the college, also did much in this direction. The citizens generally were proud of the town. They set numerous shade trees along the streets, and these, with the general rural aspect that everywhere prevailed, with its fine old-fashioned residences and the charming scenery, gave the town a distinction for beauty that was widely recognized.

FEW CONSTABLES IN OLD TIMES.

The change in the policing of the town has been marked. Up to about twenty-five years ago there was no patroling of the streets by policemen, day or night. For a long series of years Ansel Wright and his sons, George and Ansel, Jr., were the principal constables of the town. They were also deputy sheriffs. They were on duty only when called upon. There was less disorder then than now. With the increase of population came more restless elements, and patrolmen became necessary. The fact that in the nearly ten years that I published the Courier, previous to 1858, the office door was never locked, though it fronted on the principal street of the town, and nothing was ever disturbed, shows the feeling of security that prevailed here. William F. Kingsley of Pleasant street, now about seventy-five years old, relates that in his early years it was not customary for people here to lock their houses at night.

THE TOWERING ELMS

One of the delightful features of the center of Northampton in its more rural years were the large elm trees which lined the streets in the business section. There was a row of splendid old elms the whole length of Shop Row, from the Hunt house to Pleasant street. These trees afforded a grateful shade and added beauty to the street. The largest and handsomest of these trees stood in front of the west corner of Merritt Clark's store. It was a real beauty, more than four feet in diameter at the base, and tall, stately, and well spread in its branches. There were, also, large elms on the opposite side of the street, one in front of the Warner House, and one in front of the Lyman block. There were, also, large elms on either side of Main street as far down as the railroad crossing. In the fork of the highway at the junction of Main and King streets, there were two very large elms, standing twenty-five to thirty feet apart, and between them were the hay-scales for public use. These trees have all disappeared. One after

another they have fallen before the destroyer. It grieved the old residents to see them go, but there was no help for it.

GREAT MEN OF KING STREET.

King street, in 1845, could boast of many notable residents. On the easterly side, beginning near Main street, were the homes of T. B. Hutchins, Deacon John P. Williston, Samuel Wells, clerk of courts, Dr. G. D. Peck, Deacon James Hibben, President William Allen, Col. George Shepard, Dr. Charles Walker, Erastus Hopkins, Cashier Josiah D. Whitney, Deacon Aaron Breck, Dr. Charles Seeger, and Deacon Eliphalet Williams, president of the Northampton bank, all men of distinction and prominent in the affairs of the town. This was perhaps the most aristocratic residence part of the town.

TAVERN-KEEPERS WERE INFLUENTIAL MEN.

Sixty years ago the tavern was the center of much of the active life of the town. There, in the "bar-room," men gathered to discuss the questions of the times. There they gathered also to learn the news. It was Judge Lyman's habit, when the stage came in from Boston at night, to repair to Warner's tavern to learn the news. The stage-driver acted as a sort of news-gatherer and news-distributor. The "bar-room" was usually well filled at night with travelers and townspeople. The tavern-keeper thus became an important factor in local affairs. He was generally a man of capacity in shaping the political affairs of town and county. Oliver Warner, the keeper of the Warner House, was a man of large influence in public matters, as was his predecessor, Asahel Pomeroy.

THE OLD DOCTORS.

The leading physicians of the town were the two Thompsons, "Dr. Daniel" and "Dr. Jim." Later came another

Thompson, "Dr. Austin." There were other physicians here, like Dr. Benjamin Barrett, Dr. G. D. Peck, and later, Dr. James Dunlap. Dr. Barrett had retired from active practice about 1815. The Thompsons had their office over Hillyer's drug-store and all their prescriptions were put up at that store. They came to their office in the morning, usually with horse and carriage, and after an hour or two spent there started out on their daily circuit to visit their patients. Dr. Daniel's old white bobtailed horse, a faithful animal, which he drove many years, became a familiar figure to the people of the town from long service in his share of medical practice.

AN INDEPENDENT POST SYSTEM.

An independent post service was started here in 1844 with A. W. Thayer as agent, office on Shop Row, about where John E. Riley's store is now. It advertised to send letters to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, had agencies in Amherst, Deerfield and Greenfield, and tried to compete with the national government in the post office business. The government shut down on it after a short trial and its agencies were closed. Mr. Thayer considered this a gross infringement upon individual rights and made vigorous protest against the alleged usurpation.

OLD TIME CATTLE SHOWS.

The cattle shows in the forties and fifties were conducted in quite a different manner from what they are now. The show grounds were in the center street, stretching from the easterly corner of King street to the old church. The entrance to King street was much wider then than it is now. The roadway swung around on each side, cutting off each corner, so that quite a strip of land that is now inclosed in the court house park was used for highway, and the same on the opposite corner, where the First National bank building stands. The cattle were stretched along Main street, and up against the stone wall that extended out in

front of the old town hall were the oyster tents. There Capt. Samuel P. James, a noted Democratic leader, had his oyster tent as regularly as cattle-show came around. Over the doorway to his tent was his familiar sign, "S. P. James, Old Line." When customers were few he would come out of his tent, with his long apron on, shout the virtues of his oysters, call upon the hungry to come in, and then, with a long ladle, stir up the few oysters that were in his stew-kettle, greatly to the entertainment of the on-looking crowd of boys.

THE PLOWING MATCHES.

In those days the cattle show was not complete without a plowing match. These were well contested, as skillful plowing was then quite fashionable. There were many entries in this department, one year as many as twenty are recorded. The contests took place on the meadows, along the road to Hockanum. One of the champion contestants was Joseph B. Parsons, now known all over Massachusetts as "Colonel Joe," the state pension agent. The Colonel, then an ambitious lad of sixteen years, took the first premium in 1851, and in 1855 again was awarded the first premium of $7. He was a competitor in these plowing matches five years and took a premium each year. His skill attracted the attention of Solon Robinson, the orator of the day on one occasion, who complimented him in his address on his skill in handling the plow.

Oxen were to a considerable extent still used by farmers. Premiums were offered for plowing with both oxen and horses. In the plowing match of 1840 there were two competitors who used oxen – Elisha Strong of Northampton, and Theodore Bridgman of Belchertown, but the horses were more numerous. Oxen were not much used at plowing matches after that.

GROWTH OF THE TOWN.

No part of the town has grown more rapidly than that lying north of Main street, now crossed by Center, State

and Masonic streets. That was almost an open country as late as 1850. The Gothic seminary building and the boys' high school, the latter on the site of the present Center grammar school house, were the principal buildings in that region. This was originally Asahel Pomeroy's home lot, where he cut his biggest crop of grass. An advertisement in the Gazette of September, 1840, by W. W. Partridge, auctioneer, offers for sale "the apples growing on the lot in rear of Warner's Coffee House."

THE SCHOOLS.

The schools of the town were not like the schools of the present time. There were, besides the district schools, the boys' high school in the open lot behind the old church and the girls' school standing some distance back from the road on land now covered by the South street boulevard. These were brick buildings, cheaply constructed, heated by large box wood stoves. Rev. D. M. Crane, pastor of the Baptist church, was the principal school committee man, and Rodolphus B. Hubbard and Eli A. Hubbard were successively principal of the high school. Rev. Hiram Bingham, who married Miss Martha Brewster, daughter of Capt. Jonathan Brewster, keeper of the original Mansion House, was principal of this school, and left that position to enter upon his missionary work in Honolulu. He and his wife are still living and engaged in the same missionary labor.

FLOGGING BOYS NO LONGER TOLERATED.

The change in the manner of family and school government should be noticed. Corporal punishment is no longer tolerated. Sixty years ago it was a common practice. It was often a question whether the schoolmaster or the big boys should rule, and the use of the whip and the strap was a frequent occurrence. This was also the case in family government. The boy who did not receive a good flogging, either at school or at home, was not considered to be properly brought up. The change in this respect is most notable. It marks the progress of our civilization.

LESS PROFANITY NOW THAN FORMERLY.

In another respect there has been a marked advance. There is less profanity now than there used to be—much less. This has doubtless come from the raising of the level of education and the general uplifting of the tone of social life. Profanity has been made disreputable. No man, young or old, can now maintain a decent standing in the community who habitually uses profane language. It is a mark of vulgarity. Perhaps the more free mingling of young men and young ladies in our public schools, academies, colleges and universities than formerly has contributed to this improvement. But certain it is that in this particular there has been a great change for the better.

PECULIAR CHARACTERS.

A town of the size of Northampton, with about 4500 population, always has some peculiar characters. They are not its great men, the leaders of thought and action, but oddities, usually men of ability, but distinguished for their eccentricities. Such a character was Dr. Sylvester Graham. He was a man of decided ability. His hobby was the dietetic theory known as the "Graham system." He published a book called the "Science of Life," and boasted of the imperishability of his own name and fame. He expounded his pet theory with great ability and earnestness. He was great in controversy, and many of his articles were published in the local papers. He never could stop writing until he had worn his antagonist out. It is recorded in the Gazette that he addressed a Whig meeting in Plainfield and spoke four hours and a half to an unwearied audience. He used to appear on Main street, arrayed in his long dressing-gown.

Another of the eccentric men of the town was John Eden. He came here from England and was furnished with funds by his friends there. He was well along in life and married a widow, Mrs. Colson, who owned a little house on the southerly side of Elm street, well up toward

the entrance to Vernon street. He was a well educated man and contributed many articles to the local papers. He aided greatly in preparing the literary feast at the annual cattle show dinners and in preparing reports of committees. Having plenty of leisure time, he was daily seen about town, a familiar figure, always neatly dressed, greeting everyone with politeness and cordiality. From here he drifted to Hartford, and died there about the close of the Civil war.

There were other notable characters, like John Hannum, jeweler; Dr. Jared Bartlett, teacher of penmanship and gardener, who lived near Welch End bridge; T. B. Hutchins, the ice-cream man and repairer of old clocks; S. P. Janes, the oyster and fish man; Dr. E. T. Wood, veterinary surgeon and an original genius; Henry O. Edwards, restaurant keeper, fisherman and story-teller, who never failed to have a fitting remark for every occasion; Jerry Wells, photographer and fisherman; "Stiff" Phelps, the South street hunter; while Elijah Abbott, Samuel W. Lee and Ebenezer Hancock were original characters, each in his peculiar way.

BAITING COWS.

One of the primitive customs of the times was the baiting of cows along the roadside, by Alexander Wright. He would gather a large number of cows, from the central parts of the town, and bait them along the highway up King street, moving leisurely to a pasture a mile or two outside. In the afternoon he drove them back in the same slow way, returning each cow to the barn of its owner. This custom was in practice here through the forties and into the fifties, and ended with the death of Mr. Wright.

LITTLE OBSERVANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

The observance of Christmas was not much in vogue here previous to 1850. In fact, very little attention was paid to the day. The principal public days were the 4th of July, the cattle-shows and military musters, and Thanks-

giving day. Fast day was observed much like Sunday. There was no such thing as "Christmas trade." Wedding presents were few — the fashion of numerous and costly wedding presents had not arrived. The merchants made a great deal of the cattle-show trade and advertised liberally to attract it. People from the outlying towns were expected to visit the stores as well as to inspect the agricultural exhibition, and there was an unusual amount of store-trading done here on the cattle-show days.

JOSIAH D. WHITNEY AND DEACON ELIPHALET WILLIAMS.

No one who saw Josiah D. Whitney, the venerable cashier of the "Old Bank," in his later years, arrayed in his long fur-lined, wrapper-like coat, will ever forget his striking appearance. He was often seen down town in that unique dress in cold weather. That coat is still preserved, and in the possession of his son, Prof. Henry M. Whitney, librarian at Branford, Ct.

The appearance of Deacon Eliphalet Williams, the aged president of the bank, as he came along down King street in the morning, swinging the big key to the bank vault, was also a striking and familiar sight. The key was tied to the end of a short stick, for convenience of handling, and the stalwart president would occasionally give it a whirling, summersault motion, by way of entertainment for himself, no doubt, and possibly to check the enthusiasm of those who might be possessed of burglarious intentions. Deacon Williams was accustomed to ask those who applied at the bank for loans, "What use they were going to make of the money?" This sometimes gave offense to the customer, but complaining availed not, for the Deacon was master of the loan situation.

OLD TOWN HALL AND ENTRANCE TO KING STREET.

This picture gives a good representation of the old town hall, after it was abandoned for town meetings. The stone wall that ran out from the westerly corner toward Main street, as shown in the frontispiece, has disappeared, also the stairway in the corner, and the land is graded, with a low railing at the foot of the slope. The balcony in front of the hall, along the second story, has also disappeared. The basement was used by the Hook and Ladder company, the entrance and egress being where the sloping platform is seen. The sack and bucket apparatus was also stored in this basement. In the rear is seen the brick building where Elijah Abbott had his paint-shop, occupying the easterly part, and Alonzo Eustis had a harness shop in the westerly part. In the second story of this building John Metcalf and his son, Lyman, had for many years a job printing office. This was a brick building, owned by Deacon Eliphalet Williams. The next building to the east was of wood, owned by Dr. Benjamin Barrett, and was used for a stove-store and tin-shop, first by James R. Day in 1818, and then

by Nathan H. Felton, and afterward by Wm. G. Dickinson for a grocery. Mr. Dickinson did the weighing at the hay-scales. These two buildings gave way for the present Jones block. The next building, erected in 1855 by Charles S. Pratt, carpenter and contractor, and used for a sash and blind business by Isaac R. Clark, stands there now. Below is the original Kinney marble shop, just as it stood when C. M. Kinney carried on the marble cutting business there fifty years ago. It has since been raised by the addition of another story. In the distance are seen the buildings on Round Hill. In front, we see, with remarkable clearness, the two large elm trees that stood in the fork of the roads and the hay-scales between them, owned by Ansel and Christopher Wright. For many years these were the principal public scales in the town. King street had two entrances, one turning to the west and cutting off a considerable portion of the corner of the court-house lot, the other turning to the east and cutting off the corner where now stands the First National bank building. The flag staff shown stood in front of the entrance to the rear half of the second story of the town hall, opening on the west side. That room was used by the Torrent engine company and afterward by the military company. Company C of the 10th regiment had its headquarters there before going to the war in 1861, and Company C of the 52d regiment met there before starting for Camp Miller at Greenfield in 1862. There was a driveway between the town hall and the court house. There was no court house park then, nor even a spot of green about the building, and it was not generally known that the county owned the land where the town hall stood. The exact date of the picture is not known, but the representation shows the buildings, street and hay-scales as they were in 1855.

CHAPTER VII.

A FINE OLD NORTHAMPTON HOMESTEAD ON MAIN STREET—JUDGE JOSEPH LYMAN AND HIS DISTINGUISHED WIFE—THEIR HOME THE CENTER OF THE BEST SOCIETY IN THE TOWN.

> Peace to the just man's memory—let it grow
> Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
> Of time; let the mimic canvas show
> His calm, benevolent features, let the light
> Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
> Of all but heaven, and, in the book of fame,
> The glorious record of his virtues write
>
> *Bryant.*

> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command
>
> *Wordsworth*

One of the principal charms of the town were its fine old residences in the center of the village. There were many beautiful residences a little out from the center—the Thomas Napier house on Elm street, now the Capen school; the Judge Henshaw house on Elm street, now owned by Bishop Huntington; the Judge Howe house, the Col. John Stoddard house and the Bowers house on Prospect street; the Erastus Hopkins house on King street; the David Damon house and J. Stebbins Lathrop house on Bridge street; the J. H. Butler house on Hawley street; and the houses of Thomas and Samuel Whitmarsh on South street; but they were so far from the center that they added little to the rural aspect of the center village as viewed from its principal street.

In the very heart of the town, almost in touch with its

principal tavern, on the north side of Main street, was Judge Joseph Lyman's beautiful home—a square-framed two-story house, with a wing on each side some distance back, set among towering shade trees, with a barn, shed, and large dooryard to the west, all fronting on the main thoroughfare. In the easterly corner of the front yard, next to the Lyman brick block, there was a large seringo bush, which in summer gave fragrance and beauty to the dwellers within and the passers-by. The trees were elms, locust, and horse chestnuts. There was a fence in front of the entire premises. The honored Judge had recently (1847) ended his labors and passed to his reward in the world beyond, but his wife remained. She was a very remarkable woman, distinguished for her rare personal beauty in the years of her youth, when she came as a bride from "Brush Hill" in Milton to grace Judge Lyman's home, and for the genial hospitality and charm of manner with which she adorned her household. The Judge, also, was noted for his fine personal appearance and gentlemanly bearing, and it was a common remark that they were "the handsomest couple that ever entered the old church." They were married in 1811, when Judge Lyman was forty-two and she twenty-one. A few years after the death of her husband Mrs. Lyman removed to her old home in Milton, where she died in 1867, surviving him twenty years. The Judge Lyman house stood until 1870, when it was destroyed by fire and the land sold for building purposes. The Keating block, and the stores between it and the Mansion House, Carr bakery and other buildings in the rear and on Masonic street, now stand on the site of this old homestead. Here Judge Lyman lived nearly all his life; here he entertained the judges and lawyers from a distance during the sessions of the courts; here the people of the town came, the rich and the poor alike, as children come to their home; and here were peace, comfort, contentment and happiness in rare abundance.

After Mrs. Lyman left her home here, the house was occupied several years by Dr. Samuel A. Fisk. Judge Ly-

man owned the lot between the Unitarian church and the Prindle house, on which now stands the Clarke library building, and used it for a garden. Dr. Fisk pastured his two cows there when he occupied the Lyman house, and had a garden in the west end of the house lot, where the Rust block and other stores now stand. The house, in its later years, was used for business purposes, and was thus used when it was destroyed by fire.

In the years of Judge Lyman's prime of life—1811 to 1840—his home was the center of the best social life of Northampton. The town was then distinguished far beyond its borders for its refined and cultivated society. There were among its residents in that period, George Bancroft and Joseph G. Cogswell, the founders of the Round Hill school, the lawyers who conducted the law school, Madame Dwight of the Young Ladies' institute, or Gothic seminary, the pastors of the various churches, and the families of Judge Joseph Lyman, Judge Samuel Howe, Judge Charles A. Dewey, Judge Samuel Henshaw, Dr. David Hunt, Isaac C. Bates, Elijah H. Mills, Ebenezer Hunt, Judge Samuel E. Lyman, Samuel L. Hinckley, Thomas Napier, Henry Bright, David Lee Child, Samuel and Thomas Whitmarsh, Christopher Clarke, John Clarke, Edward Clarke, Stephen Brewer, Thomas Shepherd, Henry Shepherd, J. Hunt Butler, Samuel Wells, President William Allen, Erastus Hopkins, Henry G. Bowers, Solomon Stoddard, Lewis Strong, the Clarks, Pomeroys, Damons, Warners, and many others, all people well-to-do for those times. The town was then more isolated than it has been since the advent of railroads. Strangers were comparatively few, and the people necessarily made more of their local life. There was (until 1826) but one church in the town and all came together on Sundays in the old meeting-house, not merely for public worship, but for an outpouring and intermingling of their social natures. There were no select sets, surrounded by walls barring out other people. There was a common feeling of kinship among all the people, cemented with respect for the aged, the wise

and the good. Everybody knew everybody in the town. It was indeed a remarkably happy and self-respecting community.

Judge Lyman's home was distinguished for the hospitality maintained there. Both the Judge and his wife were especially gifted as entertainers. There was little distinction shown. All the people of the town were welcomed at the home of Judge Lyman. Many visitors from Boston and the Berkshire hills came, also the prominent people of the surrounding regions. Among those who came from Boston were Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The latch-string was always hanging outside the door and there was rarely a meal when some visitor was not present at the family table. It is related that the keeper of the village tavern complained that he could not make tavern-keeping there profitable, because Judge Lyman invited so many of the visitors to the town to his home.

Judge Lyman was most fortunate in the choice of his second wife. Though much younger than himself, she came to his happy home as a bride equipped with a cultivated mind, refined and dignified manners, a high Christian spirit, and a resolute and impetuous nature, which made her at once, and by common consent, the central figure in the social life of the town. She was wonderfully industrious, and possessed the rare faculty of accomplishing much by working through others as well as by the labor of her own hands. She saw, nor wanted to see, no idle hours. Her nature was generous and unselfish to a marked degree, and she was never happier than when doing for others. Her efforts were not confined to those of her own household and kindred, but embraced the whole circle of her acquaintance, and even beyond that. She aided many young men to obtain a collegiate education—among them William S. and James B. Thayer, sons of Abijah W. Thayer, and Chauncey Wright, son of Deputy Sheriff Ansel Wright, all of whom graduated at Harvard.

Mrs. Lyman was a teacher in the Sunday school in the

old meeting-house in the years when there was but one church in the town, and continued as such after the Unitarian church was organized and a separate church built. She wrote numerous letters to her absent relatives, which bear abundant evidence of her cultivated mind and high ideals of life. Some years after her death, her daughter, Mrs. Susan L. Lesley, compiled many of these letters and had them published, together with a detailed sketch of her life, entitled "Recollections of My Mother," a beautiful tribute to a devoted mother and a queenly woman. These "Recollections" were prepared only for the private use of the family and a few relatives and friends, and at first only one hundred copies were printed, but later another small edition was printed. The whole fills a book of 496 pages. By the kindness of the late Edward H. R. Lyman, a son of Judge and Mrs. Lyman, a copy of this most interesting and valuable book was placed in the Clarke library, for the use of the people of the town, to whom it must ever be a pleasing reminder of the life of the community in what have now become its important historic years. The "Recollections" are most charmingly written, and being prepared with the freedom which absence from public observation invited, are all the more valuable. It is indeed a fascinating book, and our later generations must thank Mrs. Lesley for what she has done in lifting the veil and opening to public view the life of her distinguished parents, and also an inside view of the community in which they bore so prominent a part. In reading her "Recollections," and perusing the vivacious letters of her mother, one is irresistibly carried back to those early days, and seems to live again, an interested member of that delightful society in this most delightful country town.

A copy of this book was also placed in the Boston public library by the family, and I am told that it is one of the most called-for books in the library. Judge and Mrs. Lyman were well known in Boston, and often visited there, in its best society.

The following extracts from this book of "Recollec-

tions" give a vivid picture of the rural town and the inner life of its charming society, which nowhere else can be found: —

"Northampton was at that period one of the most beautiful of New England villages. My father's house stood in the very center, — a large, old-fashioned, square house, with a wing on each side back from the main building. Each wing had a little covered porch looking out into the Main street. A small yard on one side separated the house from

JUDGE JOSEPH LYMAN'S HOUSE.

a brick store, whose upper floor was occupied by a printing office. The other side-yard was much larger and more rural. There was almost a grove of beautiful acacias there, and in the little front enclosure were a tulip-tree and many flowering shrubs; a row of five horse chestnuts and a large elm shaded and protected the house somewhat from the glare and dust of Main street.

"The outlooks from the house were all charming. On the opposite side of the street, and separated from it by one of

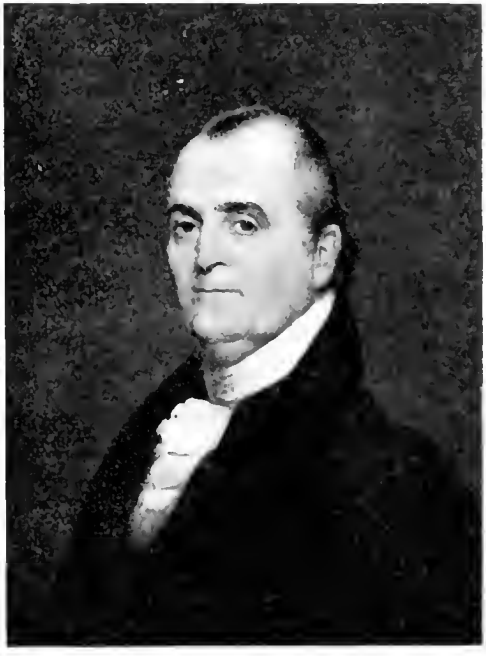
the loveliest front yards, stood the house of our neighbor, Mr. Ebenezer Hunt, whose place was always kept in perfect order, and an exquisite taste presided over all the hedges and flowering plants and lovely vines. Near to it came, a few years later, our little church, a small Grecian temple, with its avenue of trees leading to it, and with Mrs. Hunt's garden on one side and my father's on the other, the very spot now occupied by the public library. From my window in our house there was something pleasant for the eye to rest upon, and little vistas of exquisite beauty, even though in the heart of the village. As soon as the autumn leaves had fallen, the west end of Mount Tom appeared to us through the interval between Mr. Hunt's house and the little church, - a grand and noble peak, that well repaid us for the loss of foliage and summer beauty; and from our front door, winter and summer, we could always see Mount Holyoke, in varying lights and shadows - sometimes cloud-capped and dark, sometimes resplendent with the sun-tipped mists that were rolling away from it. My mother delighted in natural beauty, and no one ever enjoyed more than she did the sights and sounds that surrounded her.

"There were no very rich people in Northampton, but many persons of elegant culture, refined and aristocratic manners, and possessing a moderate competence, lived there in much ease, envying no one, really believing themselves highly favored, as they were, and practicing a generous hospitality at all times. It was a county town, and so seemed a large place to the people on the outskirts, but it really numbered only 6000 inhabitants. If there were no rich people, there was certainly an utter absence of poverty, and none of those sad sights to meet the eye, reminding one of a destiny entirely different from one's own. Little or no business was done there, but Shop Row contained about ten stores, all of them excellent, dry goods and hardware stores, and an apothecary's, which made a little cheerful bustle in the center of the town, especially on certain days of the week, when the country people would

come in in their old-fashioned wagons to do their shopping. There were two United States senators residing there for life, three judges, many eminent lawyers and scholars, retired people, who had no connection with the business world, and who lived within their moderate income, and never dreamed of having more. The matchless beauty of the scenery attracted many visitors. The more wealthy families of Boston were fond of taking carriage journeys of two or three weeks, and would take Northampton in their way as they went into Berkshire. Many a family have come in this way to our two hotels in the summer and autumn, and would stop two or three days to ascend Mount Holyoke or Tom, to drive to Mount Warner or Sugar Loaf, to walk over Round Hill, or round and through the rural streets of our village, which were so lined with magnificent elms, that, from the mountain, it always looked as if built in a forest. Every morning the stage for Boston—the old-fashioned, yellow stage-coach, with a driver who was the personal friend of the whole village—drew up in front of Warner's tavern, with a great flourish of whipping up the four horses; and every evening the stage from Boston was known to be approaching by the musical notes of the bugle-horn in the distance. I think the driver always wound his horn just after he crossed the great bridge from Hadley.

"My father was one of the most industrious of men; all through winter's cold and summer's heat he labored faithfully at his law business from morning till night, for the maintenance of his large family. If ever man fulfilled the injunction, 'Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,' he did. Social enjoyment was his great, in fact his only, recreation; and the sound of the stage-horn at eventide was to him like martial music to a war-horse. His face would glow in the evening light, his step become alert. He reached his hat from the tree in the hall, and hastened out to be at the tavern before the stage appeared. With a shining countenance he would return and tell of the fine people who had arrived; how he had offered his carriage and horses to Mr. A., or Mrs. B. and

her daughters, to go up the mountain the next day; how he had invited this friend to breakfast with him, another to tea. More often he came home with some person in ill health, or in sorrow, not likely to be quite comfortable at the tavern; and 'Wouldn't it be well to send Hiram for their trunks and tell them to come right here?' To which my mother's quick response, 'Why, of course, that's the only thing to do,' made him entirely happy, as he hurried off to summon his guests.



JUDGE JOSEPH LYMAN.

"The number of really fine gentlemen who assembled at our house to see my father, almost every day, for at least seven or eight months of the long year, was very great. The judges of the supreme court were all warmly attached to him, and they delighted in my mother's society. Judge

Williams once said, 'When I go on the circuit, I try to find some young person who has never been at Northampton; and then I take them to Judge Lyman's, because I consider that a part of a liberal education.' As I remember,—and it must always have been so,—much of the conversation of my father and his friends was upon the courts and history of the times, and none at all upon any small or local gossip."

Mrs. Lesley pays this fine tribute to her mother, after speaking of her modest wardrobe of three gowns: "And oh! how handsome she was in evening dress, even when she had not on the 'good gown' that belonged to state occasions. I thought her manners then, and I think them now, after a long review, the finest I have ever seen, except my father's, which were even finer, having in them the trace of a life filled with beatitudes. My mother had a noble presence, and what would have been called stately manners, had they not been so gracious, so full of friendliness and sympathy, and sincere cordiality."

Mrs. L. Maria Child, a cultivated and distinguished lady, the wife of David Lee Child, who lived on a farm to the southwest of Florence, wrote most interestingly of Mrs. Lyman. She was an attendant at the Unitarian church and a frequent visitor at the Lyman homestead. "It was one of my delights at that time," she said, writing to Mrs. Lesley, and referring to the ministry of John S. Dwight, 1841, "to observe your father and mother, as they walked up the aisle of the church. They had such a goodly presence! One rarely sees a couple so handsome, after they have passed the meridian of their life, and their bearing was an impersonation of unpretending dignity. Your mother especially was as stately in her motions as if she had been reared in the atmosphere of royalty."

Rev. James Freeman Clarke of Boston, who knew the Lyman family well, from frequent visits to it, wrote, after describing Northampton as "a specimen of the best kind of New England villages":—"In this town of Northampton, Mrs. Lyman was the center of a bright social activity,

The people read books, and mostly the same books, and they were sufficiently educated to take an interest in good conversation. They did a large portion of their household work in the morning, and had leisure for a little social intercourse in the afternoon or evening. Society was not divided into 'sets' or 'circles,' but the humblest might feel at ease in the company of the most distinguished. In such a community Mrs. Lyman was at home, and in her true sphere. Her active intellect, her joyful disposition, her cheerful faith, made her a radiating point of light and warmth. Frank and sincere, she said just what she thought; did just what she believed right; was wholly unconventional; and yet all saw that she was anchored by conscience to primal truths, and was in no danger of drifting into any dangerous extreme. She was conservative by education and habit, but progressive by the independent activity of her mind."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had often visited the Lyman home while supplying the desk of the Unitarian church during the ministry of Rev. Mr. Hall, wrote:—"I had not then, and I cannot believe that I have since, seen so stately and naturally distinguished a pair as Judge and Mrs. Lyman. Your mother was then a queenly woman, nobly formed, in perfect health, made for society, with flowing conversation, high spirits, and perfectly at ease, understanding and fulfilling the duties which the proverbial hospitality of your house required." Visitors, distinguished as judges and lawyers, came and went, "but no guests came, or could come, I thought, who surpassed the dignity and the intelligence of the hosts."

This chapter might fittingly end here, but a few words more must be added. After reading these beautiful tributes to this noble couple, one feels almost lifted into an atmosphere born of the higher life. The mind broadens, and we seem to see and feel something of that charming social life which had its center in this Lyman home, radiating through all the surrounding regions. What a broadening and uplifting influence it was! As the wave caused

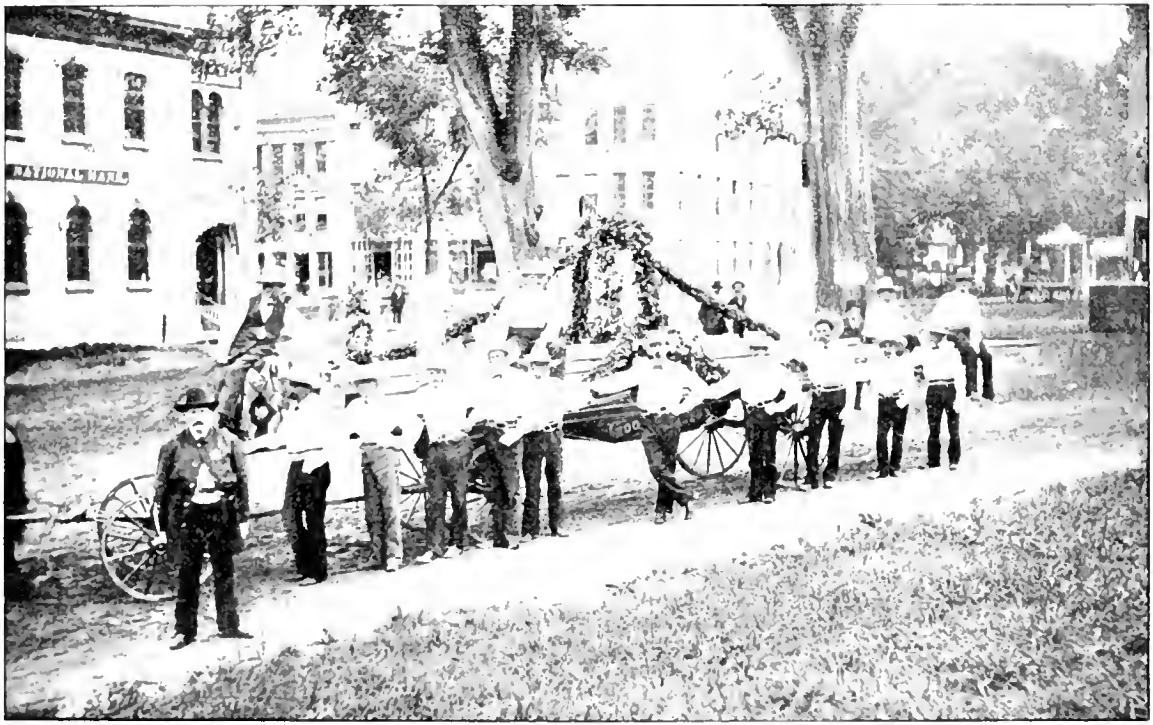
by agitation of the water near the shore of the ocean dies not until it reaches the opposite shore, so the ennobling influences that went out from this Northampton home, ever widening and deepening with the advancing years, will never cease their onward flow until they reach the eternal shores of time.

EDWARD EVERETT'S PROPHECY OF HOLYOKE'S GROWTH.

Made at a Cattle Show Dinner in Northampton, Oct. 7, 1852.

"I speak from no bias of interest, Mr. President, when I say, that before the last tints of the rose of youth upon the fairest cheek in this assembly shall have softened into the autumnal hue of declining years; before the lad, whom I saw at the end of this table a moment since, shall have a head as grey as mine, there will be a city of fifty thousand inhabitants at the falls of Hadley. I hope that boy will remember what I say, and if some fifty years hence he shall stand where I stand, and make a speech at the anniversary of this society, let him say that he remembers how a poor old hunker of an ex-Governor in 1852 had enough of Young America in his veins to lift the veil which hides the future, far enough at least to discern the coming fortunes of Holyoke. Sir, as I intimated, I have no interest in the prediction. I should not be a dollar the poorer if the new dam was to follow the old one down-stream to-morrow; nor a farthing the richer if by the hand of a higher power its braces and its abutments were turned into a mass of red sandstone, as firm as that which lies at the basis of Mount Holyoke. But I say, that the seventy weeks in the book of Daniel were not surer to be fulfilled than the prospects of the new city are to be realized. It was perhaps begun a little too soon, but the population of the United States will soon overtake it. It must be a long start which does not soon vanish before the growth of a population of twenty-four millions, which doubles itself in twenty-five years. Such a dam, such a water-power, I never saw!"

Population of Holyoke in 1900, U. S. Census, . .	45,712
Estimated population January 1, 1903, .	48,800



OLD HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY, AFTER FIREMEN'S PARADE.

PICTURE OF THE HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY.

This picture, on the opposite page, is from a photograph taken immediately after a muster of the Northampton fire department in the fall of 1879. The apparatus, as you see, was gaily decorated for the occasion. The company was halted in King street, east of the old town hall, where it had its headquarters in the basement. The two large elm trees are seen, between which were the hay-scales. The iron water-tank appears near by. In the foreground stands Policeman Frederick G. Richards, in full uniform. He had been on duty all day and was feeling his full size. How firm and solid he stands! And natural as life, too. The driver is our well-known citizen and veteran hostler and liveryman, Isaac N. Taylor, and he, too, looks quite life-like. There can be no mistaking him. In the center of the load, in the full enjoyment of his forty years of service in the fire department, appears William F. Knapp. Mr. Knapp was another veteran fireman of the town and justly took great pride in his long service in that department. Calvin B. Kingsley, our well-known veteran soldier in the Civil war, was the foreman of the company. He stands at the head of the company, next to Policeman Richards. Then follow, in order, from left to right, Jonathan Strong; Orange Wright; Charles C. Kellogg; Spencer Cook; Luke Day; Charles C. Clapp; John Landry; Samuel C. Rose; Samuel B. Strong; Benjamin A. Phelps; George D. Briscoll; the last two seated on the load.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE FINE RESIDENCES IN THE CENTER — HOUSES OF EBENEZER HUNT, THEODORE STRONG, GOVERNOR STRONG, POLLY POMEROY, JUDGE DEWEY, JUDGE SAMUEL E. LYMAN AND JOHN CLARKE — THE OLD CHURCH — THE OLD COURT HOUSE AND COURT HOUSE LOT.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
Thomas Moore.

Almost opposite Judge Lyman's, on the corner of Main and South streets, where now are Rahar's inn and a row of business shops, stood the house of Ebenezer Hunt. This was perhaps the finest location for a residence in the town. High, airy, roomy, central, commanding a delightful view of forest, meadow and mountain, it was the ideal spot for a gentleman's residence in a country town. The grounds were more ample than those of any other residence in the immediate center, embracing all the land fronting on Main and South streets east of the Unitarian church and extending to Mill river. There was a fine apple orchard on the hillside, with pear, cherry, peach and other fruit trees on the upland. A noble elm tree, tall and stately, stood in front of the house, just outside the yard, and around the base of the tree was a large mound of earth. The house fronted partly on South and partly on Main street, mainly in the direction of the "old church." In the year 1819, as previously stated, just after the town had voted to erect a new town hall, this place was bought by a syndicate of nine citizens, so as to insure the location of the hall where

it now stands. The house was moved to the rear of the lot, near the Unitarian church, where it still remains, remodeled somewhat, but retaining some of its old-time appearance. The elm tree that stood in the front was one of the handsomest trees in the center of the town. Its trunk was straight for thirty to forty feet below the branches, and it stood out with an individuality all its own, a conspicuous and pleasing feature of the village landscape. Mr. Hunt's garden was in the west end of his lot, next to the Unitarian church, where now stands the city hall.

Still another beautiful residence was that of Theodore Strong, on the west corner of Main and Pleasant streets. It occupied all the land below the Clarke block and fronted on Pleasant street. It was a large two-story building, quite as stylish in appearance as any house in town. In 1814, Mr. Strong having died, the house was occupied by Dr. J. W. Smith, dentist, who had his office in it. Unlike the houses of Judge Lyman and Mr. Hunt, this house was painted white. The place was purchased by Major Kirkland about 1850 and the house moved toward Main street and converted into stores. It finally went the way of all wooden buildings on Shop Row, being consumed by fire, and on its site now stands the Lambie and Cohn blocks. This house is shown in the picture of Northampton center on page 28.

When the Connecticut River railroad was built in the forties, the house of Governor Strong, which stood facing Main street on land now occupied by the Hampshire House and stores to the west, was removed to Pleasant street, and occupied by his son, Hon. Lewis Strong. This must have been a fine old homestead in its early years, when occupied by the Governor. Much of the land occupied by the railroads for depot and tracks was a part of this homestead. It embraced five acres, and extended from Hawley street to Pleasant street, and was of the same dimensions as the Pomeroy homestead directly north, across the highway.

On the opposite side of the street, under the shade of

towering elms, was the "Polly Pomeroy house." Miss Polly, an aged maiden lady of local renown, was the daughter of Asahel Pomeroy, a great man in his day. He kept the principal tavern in town thirty years, was selectman twelve years, and representative in the legislature four years. He died in this house in 1833, in his eighty-fourth year. The house was occupied by various people in its later years, among them Prof. Josiah Clark, and finally, in 1896, gave way for the present Masonic building. Previous to 1840 this old homestead embraced five acres of land.

JUDGE CHARLES A. DEWEY'S HOUSE.

On the brow of the hill, on land now occupied by Smith college, stood two fine residences. Where now stands President Seelye's house stood the stately residence of Judge Charles A. Dewey, and to the south was the less pretentious house of Judge Samuel F. Lyman. These were bought and removed to make room for college buildings. The Judge Dewey house was removed to the rear and is used for a dormitory, bearing the honored name of its old-

time owner and occupant. The Judge Lyman house was removed to State street and converted into tenements.

No one who knew Judge Dewey in the years of his prime will forget his fine personal appearance. He was a handsome figure, and as he walked down town, with elastic step, swinging his cane with a peculiarly graceful motion, greeting every one with a smile and a pleasant word, he was the personification of the old-school gentleman, of typical judicial bearing.

Another house that in its day was one of the finest residences of the town was the Hunt house, which stood on the site of the Hampshire County Bank. This old house, like all the others mentioned, succumbed to the advancing commercial wave, and after being occupied for stores many years finally disappeared by fire in 1870. This house was built in 1770 by Dr. Ebenezer Hunt, son of Deacon Ebenezer, and remained in possession of the Hunt families exactly one hundred years.

The residence of John Clarke, the merchant prince and banker, now forming a part of the Norwood hotel, was one of the choice places of the town. This, also, disappeared as a residence when its room was needed for more lucrative purposes.

It can readily be seen from this picture of these eight principal residences in the very center of the town what a delightful rural aspect it had. All of these houses were owned by men of the well-to-do class—not rich, as wealth is regarded in these later days, but who were possessed of ample means when measured by their limited wants and plain living. Nearly every house had ample grounds, with beautiful shade trees. The view from the principal street to the east and south was then less obstructed than it is now. What could be finer than the view from the residences of Judge Lyman and Ebenezer Hunt before any buildings were erected in front of them?

THE OLD CHURCH THE CHARM OF THE TOWN.

But the greatest charm of the town, and the one around whose memory the old-timers most delight to linger, was the "Old Church." There was a tender sacredness about it that touched the heart of the inner man. Its architecture seemed perfect, and people never tired of looking at it. It was a pleasing object to look upon both day and night, and when the full moon shone upon its front its charms were brought out with peculiar distinctness, to the special admiration of the beholders. If its architecture was pleasing, its painting corresponded. It was painted white, as all country churches should be, symbolical of purity. It was the pride of the town, and, indeed, of the people of all the surrounding region. There it had stood for sixty-four years, a majestic edifice, lofty and grand, symmetrical in form, beautiful in appearance, dedicated to public worship, good morals, and good government, a never-failing benediction upon all the people. There the people had assembled year after year, when it was the only house of worship in the town, and it had come to be to two full generations a religious home, surrounded with many tender associations. In the broad sunlight of a midsummer day, June 27, 1876, while thousands of people gazed upon the conflagration, it fell a victim to the devouring element, and was lost to view. Many who witnessed its destruction did so with heavy hearts and tearful eyes, for an object dear to them was passing forever away.

The interior of this church was like that of all the Congregational meeting-houses of its time in this region. The pulpit was high, very high, almost on a level with the galleries. Winding steps led to it on either side. The singers' seats were in the front, opposite the pulpit, and there was a gallery on both sides. The pews were of the old-fashioned style, rather high, with a door to each, which was opened and shut as the worshipers passed in and out. There was no carpeting on the gallery floor as late as about 1816, and the tread of the late-comers there resounded

David B. Whitcomb, Alvah L. Bartlett, William Strong, Alfred J. Munyan, John Lawrence. In previous years some of the leading men of the town were members of this choir. Among them were Asahel Pomeroy, Hon. Lewis Strong, Deacon John P. Williston, Levi Strong, Joseph Strong, Preserved Bartlett, Col. Thomas Pomeroy, Ansel Bardett, Capt. Jonathan P. Strong, Charles Edwards, Samuel Stebbins, Elihu C. Hunt, Theodore Bartlett, and Deacon Jared Clark. Also, Miss Miriam Wright.

The leading lady singers were Mrs. Charles Delano, Mrs. Dr. Thomas W. Meekins, Miss Julia Shepard, daughter of Col. George Shepard, Miss Carrie Parsons, daughter of Capt. Samuel Parsons and now Mrs. J. D. Kellogg, Miss Emma Hubbard, now Mrs. Charles E. Herrick, Miss Sarah Burt, Miss Louise Smith, now Mrs. Hildreth, and Miss Mary Smith.

The old-fashioned choir had its instrumental music. There were skilled men with the bass viol, the violin, and the flute. The large bass viol, owned by the parish, was operated successively by Charles Hooker, William Lavake and Jabez French; William K. Wright and Amos H. Bullen played the violin; and Dr. Elisha Mather, Charles E. Forbes, Elisha Turner and Watson Loud played the flute.

Among the leaders of the choir were, at different times, Asahel Pomeroy, Enos Wright, Elias Mann, Levi Strong, Charles Porter, Asa Barr, George H. King, A. H. Palmer, W. B. C. Pearsons, J. L. Jenkins, Silas M. Smith, and Dr. T. W. Meekins. These were all able choristers, but none of them could equal Dr. Lucas in the essential elements of leadership. Prof. Hoadley was the first organist and was succeeded by Prof. George Kingsley.

After the introduction of the organ, the great choir began to dwindle, and, though the more modern music was more artistic and more acceptable to the younger people, there were many of the old-timers who felt a touch of sadness at the departure of the monster collection of singers with their old-fashioned church music.

In 1850, Deacon Eliphalet Williams presented the parish with a large and elegant gas-burning chandelier, which was hung in the center of the audience room, and destroyed when the church was burned.

This church was the most spacious edifice of its class in the Connecticut valley. It has been said that there were 1460 persons assembled within its walls at the time of its dedication in 1812. Cephas Strong was the sexton for about thirty years, beginning in the forties.

I was present at the funeral of Senator Isaac C. Bates, March 22, 1845. He died at Washington on the 16th. The funeral was held in the old church in the afternoon, and an audience filling the edifice to overflowing attested the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. Daniel Webster was at that time the other Massachusetts senator, and he delivered a splendid eulogy of Mr. Bates in the senate.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE, TOO, WAS ADMIRED.

The old court house, also, was an attractive feature of the town. Though shaded by the more pretentious "Old Church," it was nevertheless a building which possessed much attraction in its architectural appearance. There was a substantial, massive look about it that was pleasing. On its top was a belfry, in which hung the bell that was regularly rung when "the court" was seen coming down the street to hold a session. Surmounting the belfry was a weather vane, which served as an ornament to the building and a help to the people in forecasting the weather. In front was a beautiful ornamental flowering tree, which Squire Wells, the gray-haired clerk, himself set to adorn the temple of justice. Brown-stone steps, with iron railings, led to its only entrance. A single stairway led to the court room above. Each room was provided with a fireplace. Around the building were set granite posts, standing about three feet high, from which was hung from post to post a substantial iron chain.

I shall not linger here to recount the forensic efforts of the eminent judges and great lawyers who had lifted their voices in behalf of justice in this temple. Chief Justice Shaw, Judge Horace Gray, Judge Julius Rockwell, Judge Charles A. Dewey, Judge William Allen, Judge George N. Briggs, and many others, had held court there; and in its forum had appeared Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, E. Rockwood Hoar, Lewis Strong, Charles E. Forbes, Samuel Howe, Charles P. Huntington, George Ashmun, William G. Bates, George T. Davis, Osmyn Baker, George M. Stearns, Edward Dickinson, George D. Robinson, Charles Delano, Samuel T. Spaulding, Edward B. Gillett, and a host of others, less distinguished, but not less gifted.

The dimensions of the old court house were 45 by 68 feet. The interior arrangement was this: On the lower floor the office of the register of deeds was the first room on the right of the entrance, the easterly corner, and for several years previous to 1859 it was used for the court of insolvency; the office of the clerk of courts came next, on the right; the probate office was next, and in the rear, in the northeasterly corner, was the grand jury room; west of the grand jury room, in the northwesterly corner, was a small room used for witnesses. This arrangement continued from 1823, when the building was erected, until 1864, when the register of deeds' office was given up to the use of the clerk of courts and the law library, being connected with his office by an arched doorway; this room was also used by the county commissioners. An office for the register of deeds was made in 1856 on the west side of the building, that space until then having been left open. The stairway to the court-room was in the southwesterly corner. The court-room above was a spacious room, with a stationary wooden dock. There was a gallery in the front and a room on each side in the rear for the accommodation of the jurors, heated by stoves. The door was in the center of the building, and the dock stood in the center of the room, opposite the door. On either side of the dock was a seat for deputy sheriffs, one of which was for more than forty

years occupied by Ansel Wright, Senior, or his sons, George F. Wright and Ansel Wright, Jr. The other deputy sheriffs most in attendance were S. W. Longley of Belchertown, Samuel H. Phelps of Ware, Leonard Campbell of Plainfield, George B. Gallond of Amherst, and Samuel N. Miller of South Hadley.

There were three rows of seats for the jurors, instead of two as now, and their seats were on a platform, about a foot high. There was no witness stand, and the witnesses stood at the end of the bar in front of the judges, one hand generally resting on this bar, which had a curved end. Under the gallery were seats, or benches, two running west to east, and three running south to north, extending up so as to cover two of the windows. The door to the cellar was in the southwesterly corner, under the stairway leading to the court-room. There were no water closets at first, but these were put in after the water-works were built in 1871.

When the old court house was torn down in 1886, all of the furniture in it was removed to the jail, in the expectation that some of it might be used in the new building, but little of it ever came back.

The grading of the court house grounds after the erection of the new building, was done by Flavel Gaylord of Amherst, one of the county commissioners, who brought over his yoke of oxen to do the work and drove them himself.

There was no basement or cellar when the building was erected, but when furnaces were put in an excavation was made sufficiently large to accommodate the two heaters and for the storage of coal and some old records.

For thirty years William E. Partridge was the messenger in this old court house, and was succeeded in 1872, by Edwin T. Hervey, the present official. Mr. Partridge was also during a part of his court house service, watchman for the banks. He is now living with his son in Holyoke, in his eighty-seventh year.

THE COURT SESSIONS.

In the old days the sessions of the courts were made more of than they are in these later times. Many of the lawyers came here from other counties and remained a long time awaiting their turn to try their cases. They could not return home at night, as they can now. Usually they stopped at the Mansion House, where the Catholic church now stands, kept by Capt. Jonathan Brewster. The evenings were spent together at the hotel, or by invitation at the home of one of the local lawyers. It was an interesting sight to see the judges and the lawyers, each with his green bag containing the papers relating to the cases he had for trial, headed by the high sheriff, with his long staff of office, and cockade on his hat, wending their way down to the court house. When the procession was in sight, the court house bell was rung. This was the signal for a general drift toward the old temple of justice, and from every direction jurors, deputy sheriffs, witnesses, and spectators were seen wending their way thitherward. This procession of judges and lawyers with its attending features gave a dignity to the court sittings which is lacking in these modern times.

THE COURT HOUSE LOT.

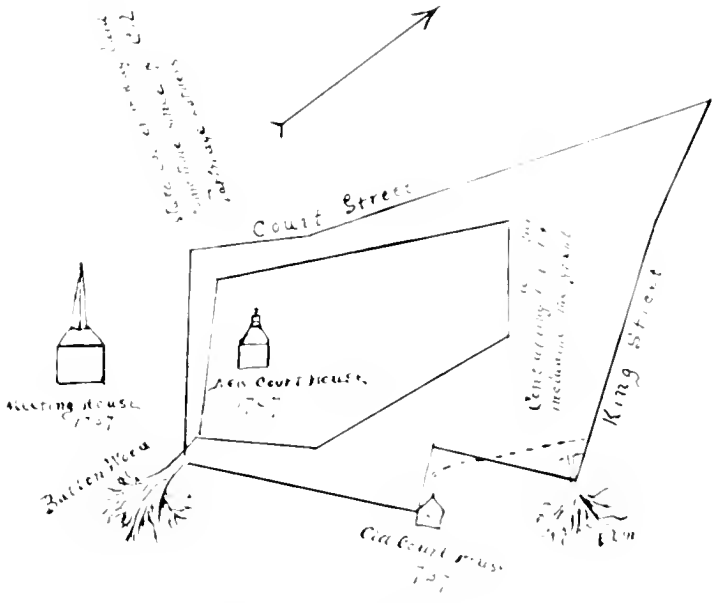
That portion of the land which forms the central part of the court house lot was given to the county in 1767 by fifty-eight citizens of Northampton and one citizen of Hatfield. It was purchased of Elisha Alvord, a shop-keeper, whose house and barn stood on the lot. There was a movement in progress to erect a new court house. It was proposed to locate it in the little park which lies in front of Smith college, and the work of building was begun there, when this gift of land secured its erection where the court house now stands. The price paid for the land was 130 pounds, equal to $650. The donors were Ebenezer Hunt, Timothy Dwight, Jr., Seth Pomeroy, Caleb Strong, Solomon Stoddard, Samuel Clarke, Ephraim Wright, William Lyman,

Seth Lyman, John King, Samuel Parsons, Jonathan Allin, Selah Wright, Joseph Allen, Joseph Cook, Joseph Lyman, Benjamin Sheldon, Jr., Quartus Pomeroy, Elisha Lyman, Gideon Cooke, George Hoalge, Hezekiah Russell, Thomas Bridgman, Asahel Clapp, Seth Clapp, Elijah Southwell, Abner Barnard, Aaron Wright, Daniel Hitchcock, William Mather, Eliphaz Clapp, Levi Shepard, Eliphaz Strong, Elnathan Wright, Joseph Parsons, Simeon Parsons, Hains Kingsley, Aaron Kingsley, Timothy Parsons, Enos Kingsley, Asa Wright, Josiah Parsons, Jr., Titus King, Oliver Lyman, Elihu Lyman, Elkanah Burt, Ebenezer Clapp, Elihu Clark, Pliny Pomeroy, Abijah Wait, John Parsons, Jr., Simeon Clapp, Joseph Clapp, Joseph Hutchins, Lemuel Lyman, David Lyman, Elias Lyman, Jr., Asahel Danks, all of Northampton, and Samuel Fairfield of Hatfield. The latter donor was Capt. Samuel Fairfield, who kept a tavern on the road to Williamsburg and the west, a little this side of Haydenville, then within the limits of Hatfield.

The deed conveys the land to the county "for the public use of erecting a court house thereon, for the sole use and benefit of the inhabitants of the county of Hampshire, * * * being the lot whereon I now dwell, * * * for the purpose of a green or common, and for the erection of a court house, or court houses, thereon, as shall be ordered by the people," * * * and whenever the courts shall be moved to some other town or place, "then the same shall be and remain as an open, uninclosed common, for the use and benefit of the inhabitants of the town of Northampton, in succession forever, for erecting any meeting-house for public worship, or town house for town affairs or meetings, and for no other purpose whatsoever."

The land thus conveyed comprised about one-half of the present court house lot, and was not deemed of sufficient size by the court, which ordered the condemnation of an irregular strip completely surrounding the Alvord lot. A court house was then erected on the westerly side of the lot. The old court house, which was then superceded,

stood on the easterly line of the condemned land, and farther down. The new court house stood until 1822, when it was destroyed by fire. A new court house, the one shown in the frontispiece, was then erected, and that stood until 1886, when it was torn down to make way for the present stone edifice. The deed of the Alvord lot was placed on record in the registry of deeds in Springfield, and with the lapse of time all memory of it disappeared. The town had



PLAN OF COURT HOUSE LOT, 1767.

erected a town hall on the lot and apparently considered itself a joint owner. Until 1814 the town meetings were held in the court house. In that year a town hall was erected. It stood sixty feet east of the court house, on a line with the court house and meeting house, was of brick, 60 by 30 feet. It was built by contract with Capt. Isaac Damon, and cost $3,500.

When the fire which destroyed the old church and the roof of the Whitney building in 1876 was in progress, fears

were entertained that the court house was in danger, and the work of removing the papers of value stored in unsafe places was begun. In replacing them some of the packages became broken and the papers were scattered. The court messenger, E. T. Hervey, in examining these loose papers, discovered the original deed of the Alvord lot and called the attention of the county commissioners to it. Col. Edwards, the then chairman of the board, had it placed on the records of this county. Soon afterward the old town hall was removed, the present court house was erected and the lot graded to its present shape.

A plan of the court house lot, showing the Alvord lot, and the land taken by condemnation, is on the county records in the office of the registry of deeds.

The accompanying cut (p. 112) is a copy of this plan. In the center is seen the Alvord lot conveyed to the county by citizens of the town in 1767. The outside lines describe the boundary of the land taken at that time by order of the court. It was an irregular shaped lot, made so, probably, by the peculiar formation of the land, there being then a deep gully or ravine at the foot of the hill, running from the King street brook across Main street, to the rear of Shop Row, and connecting with Mill river. No one seems to know how the court house lot came to be in its present nearly square shape. There is no record of any further accession of land, by order of the court or otherwise, and it is probable that the county commissioners, in enclosing the lot, made it more shapely by leaving a portion in the highway at the northerly corner and taking an equal amount at other points, where it would not interfere with the public travel (at the easterly corner), by agreement with the selectmen of Northampton. The tree shown in the southwesterly corner of the Alvord lot is described in the deed as a "young cottonwood tree in the corner of said house-lot," and was the starting point in describing the boundaries of the lot. The old court house (1737) stood about where the present sidewalk is along Main St.

WARNER TAVERN—1794—1870.

The Warner House, shown in the above picture, stood on the site of the present Mansion House. It was built in 1794 by Asahel Pomeroy. It was known as "Warner's Coffee House," when kept by Oliver Warner. It stood on a site that has been occupied for a tavern from the early settlement of the town. Col. Seth Pomeroy kept a tavern there one hundred and forty years ago, and his son, Asahel Pomeroy, succeeded him. Both were distinguished men. This old Warner tavern was for many years the principal public house in the town. As shown in the picture, there was a piazza in front covering two stories. In front of the center of the house there was a large elm tree, from which was hung a large lamp for lighting at night. A driveway to the barns in the rear was at the easterly end of the tavern. To the left were a small wooden building, used for a store, and the Lyman Block, owned by Judge Joseph Lyman and used for various purposes. The Gazette office was for a long time previous to 1853 in the second story, and Amos H. Bullen, Lewis McIntyre, Orrin Kingsley,

the Ferry Brothers (Lemuel C. and Sydenham N.), and Clark & Parsons, druggists, were successively occupants of the lower floor. On July 18, 1870, one of the most destructive fires that ever occurred in Northampton, destroyed this old Warner tavern, together with the Todd block on the east and the Lyman block and Judge Lyman house on the west. After the Warner House was destroyed by fire, the Fitch Brothers of Hatfield (John T. and George C.) bought the property and erected the present Mansion House.

In the picture, the signs, "Warner House," cover more than the tavern proper. This was because portions of the second and third stories of the side buildings were used for tavern sleeping rooms. The original tavern building was that part of the picture covered by the piazza.

At the time of its destruction by fire, the Judge Lyman house was occupied by Levi Morton, restaurant-keeper, Joseph C. Williams, coal dealer, E. N. Sampson & Son, grocers and fish and vegetable dealers, and L. D. Merrill and Patrick Dewey, saloon-keepers.

Some further particulars of these old buildings are given on page 16.

A VETERAN PRINTER.

There were some veteran printers in the olden times, among them John and Lyman Metcalf and Joseph C. Kneeland, but none of them surpassed our veteran printer of to-day, Andrew P. Hancock, of the Gazette Printing Company. For thirty-two years he has remained in one place in that office, where he learned his trade. Summer and winter have found him at his post. He set every type in the two volumes of Trumbull's History of Northampton, 1327 pages, and he set every type in this book of Reminiscences. And yet, his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated.

CHAPTER IX.

CATTLE SHOW DINNERS—REAL ESTATE VALUES—JENNY LIND COMES TO TOWN—CHANGES ON SHOP ROW—SOCIETY FOR DETECTION OF THIEVES AND ROBBERS—OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY—THE OLD CHURCH AND COURT HOUSE WEATHER VANES—AN OLD STORY EXPLODED—WATERING PLACES—SNUFF-TAKING—THE COURT STOPPED A NOISE—OLD SAVINGS BANK STARTED—SETH PARSONS—JUDGE HODGES—LAWYER CHILSON—RINGING OF DEPOT BELL—SEWING SOCIETIES.

Oh, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was swept away in transient tears!

Mark Lemon

CATTLE SHOW DINNERS.

Great attention was paid in the years around 1850 to the cattle show dinners. The shows were held, as now, on two days, and in the afternoon of the second day there was a grand dinner given in "Agricultural hall" in Kirkland's block on Pleasant street, where about two hundred gentlemen and ladies assembled. There was usually some distinguished orator from abroad to lend the charm of his eloquence to the occasion. In 1852 Edward Everett was the principal speaker, and he then and there made the prediction that in fifty years from that time Holyoke would have a population of 50,000 inhabitants. The present year completes the fifty years, and it will almost see the literal fulfilment of the ex-Governor's prophecy. The writer was present at this dinner and heard Governor Everett's speech. The Governor was a fine looking man, with gray

hair, a well built figure, and spoke with that grace and ease of which he was the perfect master. William O. Gorham, a lawyer and a scholarly man, was the secretary of the society, and was the leader in these after-dinner exercises. He made thorough preparation for his part of the literary feast and was often heard rehearsing in his office his forthcoming remarks. He had a fine gift of oratory, and was especially successful on these forensic occasions. Agricultural hall took its name from these agricultural dinners. Governor Everett's prophecy is given in full on page 97.

REAL ESTATE VALUES.

A noticeable feature of the business life of the town has been the advance of the value of real estate in the central section, especially of that portion devoted to business purposes. I have seen these values doubled, and then doubled again, and even then leaving a safe margin for a further advance. The increase has been slow, but steady, more perhaps in the last twenty-five years than before. When I published the Courier in the Whitney building fifty years ago I could have bought that property for $2800. When the church was burned in 1876, the roof of the Whitney building was destroyed by fire, and Mr. Eames, besides getting his insurance on the building, sold the land to the savings bank for $6000. This is about the way real estate values have gone all through the center. While investors have been seeking large profits in Western real estate, they have overlooked the safer and not less valuable opportunities that were open to them here.

JENNY LIND COMES TO TOWN.

One of the famous visitors to Northampton was the distinguished "Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind. Ex-Presidents, Governors, Senators, a distinguished exile from a foreign land, and other notables had come and been honored by the people of the town, but none of them made such a lasting impression upon the people, or left more

pleasant memories, than the sweet singer from Sweden. I remember her coming well. She was married to Otto Goldschmidt at Boston, Feb. 5, 1852, and came directly to Northampton. I was on the train which brought them here from Springfield and sat two or three seats behind them. It was known on the train that they had just been married, though the event was a surprise to the public. They went at once to Round Hill, where they remained four months. Her marriage did not change her name with the public, and she was known as Jenny Lind after her marriage as much as before. She gave two concerts here, one in the old church July 3, 1851, before her marriage, and the other in the town hall in May, 1852, at the close of her honeymoon residence here. Those were memorable occasions. Jenny Lind's fame was then at its zenith and her praises were on all lips. The concert in the old church was unquestionably the greatest musical event in the history of the town. People of distinction came from far and near and the church was packed to its utmost capacity. A large platform was built around the pulpit and an entrance was made through a window on the Gothic street corner. Just before the hour of the concert a terrible thunder and rain storm came up, which would have almost ruined any other gathering, but it had no effect upon this one. This concert was a great success, musically and financially, and so was the later one in the town hall. The echoes of her sweet singing of the "Bird Song," "Sweet Home," and "Coming through the Rye," are still heard in memory, after the lapse of half a century, by those who were so fortunate as to be within the charm of her wonderful voice.

CHANGES ON SHOP ROW.

Most of the merchants doing business on Shop Row have changed often. In the last sixteen years there have been great changes. Of the twenty-eight individuals and firms doing business there in 1886, only four are there now just as they were then. The others have disappeared entirely,

or have made changes in their firms, but retaining one of the old members. Of those who were there in any capacity in 1845, only one is there now. That one is the veteran bookseller, Sidney E. Bridgman, who came as a boy to Butler's bookstore in April, 1844, fifty-eight years ago. Merritt Clark, the clothier, came in 1846, as an apprentice to Charles Smith, and he is there yet. The same year came William H. Todd, who became a clerk in the store of Luther I. Washburn. Closely following him came Oscar Edwards, the white-haired president of the Northampton bank, who came here from the summit of Chesterfield hill in 1852 and began business as druggist and grocer in company with John W. Wilson in the store now occupied by L. S. Davis. All others now on the Row are comparatively new-comers, though some of them have been here many years. It requires a half-century man to count for much in these reminiscences. Men come and go—death removes some, others are removed by financial distress, but the stores remain, and will remain, through the coming generations. Here are four of our business men, who have been here a half-century, and are still living, and three of them may yet be found "at the old stand."

THIEF AND ROBBER SOCIETY.

A peculiar organization was that of the "Society for the detection of thieves and robbers." This society was formed in 1782 and was continued until about 1850 or 1860, when it ceased to exist by the voluntary action of the members. It was an organization of business men of the town, and had a clerk, treasurer, board of seven directors, and twelve "pursuers." It protected only the property of its members, each of whom paid $2 to join the organization. In its early years it was of much assistance in running down thieves and robbers, but as the police force of the town became more efficient its mission departed and there was no further use for its existence. Its membership in 1844 embraced—Augustus Clarke, clerk; John Clarke, treasurer;

Samuel F. Lyman, J. H. Butler, Benjamin E. Cook, Winthrop Hillyer, Harvey Kirkland, Oliver Warner, George Shepard, directors; and Cornelius Delano, Asahel Wood, Hiram Ferry, Samuel Parsons, Ansel Wright, Lewis Bliss, Christopher Wright, William W. Partridge, Edwin Holdridge, David Damon, Willard A. Arnold, Jonathan A. Clark, pursuers.

OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

One of the most marked changes in the customs of people in the last sixty years is seen in the observance of Sunday. In the olden times, Sunday was regarded not merely as a day of rest, but as a day for public worship. Every person so situated as to be able to attend church service was expected to be in the meeting-house, both forenoon and afternoon. To be walking or riding for pleasure was deemed to be a desecration of the day. Reading the bible was always in order on that day, and the reading of other books and secular papers was not considered proper. There was a rigidity in the prescribed manner of observing the day that was especially distasteful to young people. When a boy, I was always glad to have Sunday pass. I was brought up in the strict manner of those times. Going to the Sunday and evening meetings was the regular and invariable practice. When a boy under ten years of age, while living on the farm on the hillside near Searsville, in Williamsburg, it was the privilege of myself and brothers to go fishing on Saturdays, when school did not keep. Our mother was very strict in her religious training of her boys. One Saturday, when our minds were absorbed with the anticipated pleasures of the day's fishing, we were required to learn several verses of the bible before we started for the Meekins brook. We were in no mood for that task, and we stoutly rebelled. But it was of no use to resist. It was bible learning, or no fishing, and squirm and twist as we did, we had to learn the prescribed portion of the sacred scriptures before we could leave the house to dig bait.

When I came to Northampton I dreaded the Sundays. They were days of restraint. I had always attended the Methodist meetings in Williamsburg. The Methodist church in that place was then very flourishing. The house was filled on Sundays. Among the congregation were the families of Joel and Josiah Hayden, Hiram Nash, Stephen Meekins, Ludo Thayer, Thomas Ives, Prescott Williams, John Williams, Quartus Kingsley, Chester Sheldon, Moses Ferry, Marcus Way, Mather Warren, Pliny Warren, William Loomis, John Miller, Reuben Luce, R. H. Fairchild, Luther Loomis, Pardon Bradford, Moses Hannum. Rev. David Mason, an Englishman, who had charge of the broadcloth factory at the upper end of the village, used to preach occasionally. He had a familiar, persuasive way of talking to his hearers, and would lean upon one elbow, bending over toward the audience, when he made some special pleading of an impressive nature.

This is to show the degree of attention paid to religious matters in those times. It is different now. Sunday is now regarded more as a day of rest, of relaxation from labor, of recreation, than as sacred time. Labor ceases, but the pursuit of pleasure goes on. The steam and electric cars run, and are crowded. The livery stables find that Sunday is their most profitable day. People stroll the fields and games of base ball are sometimes played in by-places. The attendance at the churches is much less in proportion to the population than it was in the olden times.

Is there less respect for religion now than formerly? I think not. The change has come in the interpretation and perception of sacred things. There is just as much regard for the things that are honest, and true, and good, now, as there was in the former times. There is more intelligence among the masses of people—people read more, think more, with a broader range, because of the larger opportunities they have of obtaining information. To believe otherwise, is to admit that our libraries, and institutions of learning, and varied and enlarged literature, are a failure.

THE METHODISTS IN THE TOWN HALL.

The first few years of my residence in Northampton I attended the Sunday services held in the old town hall by the Methodists. The congregation was small and the society financially weak. There was a choir in the northeasterly corner of the hall, and William Lavake, an old shoemaker, who lived on upper King street, played the bass viol, an instrument as tall as he was.

THE WEATHER VANES.

One of the old-time familiar features of the town, which has disappeared with the passing years, were the weather vanes on the steeple of the old church and the tower of the old court house. Those vanes were very useful to the villagers, and were watched with an interest exceeded only by that which centered in the town clock in the old church tower. They remained there until those buildings were destroyed. The vane on the church came down with the steeple when the house was burned, and was saved, though in a ruined condition. It is still held as a relic of the old temple, and is safely stored in the museum at Memorial Hall. The staff stood nine feet high, and the gilded vane, pointed and split at the end, was five feet in length. The letters N, S, E and W, denoting the points of the compass, had a spread of nearly six feet. The gilded ball at the top was eight inches in diameter, and was perched one hundred and sixty-five feet above the ground.

The court-house vane was smaller than the vane on the church steeple. When the court house was taken down, Dr. Roberts wanted the vane to put up on his barn and thus preserve it as a relic, and Col. Edwards, then on the board of county commissioners, agreed to let him have it, but he never obtained it, and the last seen of it was when it passed up Bridge street on the way to Amherst.

AN OLD STORY EXPLODED.

Northampton has been called a "sleepy town" by people who have not understood her people. The remark has often been made, to support the story of sleepiness, that the layout of the railroad from Boston to Albany was first made through Northampton, and that the road was driven away by the hostility of the people of the town toward it. This is not true. I have never been able to find any evidence to support it—not the least. The route was laid where the road was built, because that was the natural place for it. There is no route that would take in Northampton that would be at all practicable. The road must, of necessity, pass through Worcester, (the line to that city was built by the Boston and Worcester company) and to pass through Northampton and cross the mountains to Pittsfield, by way of Hinsdale, (the only place where it could cross), would require a long detour and involve a large additional cost. As this story has long been on its travels, and occasionally breaks out when some one wishes to give the town a blow, it is here stated, and the statement is reiterated, that there is no truth in it. The town has always welcomed the railroads. It took a lively interest in the building of the Connecticut River road and the New Haven and Northampton road, and subscribed for 300,000 shares of the stock of the Massachusetts Central road. All this, after sinking $150,000 in the canal to New Haven. Instead of the town having been a "sleepy" place, it has been exceptionally wide-awake and progressive, so far as regards the canal and the railroads.

WATERING PLACES—THE LICKINGWATER CROSSING.

In 1810, and for about twenty years later, there was a driveway through Mill river just below the old South street bridge. There was a gentle slope of the land on either side of the river, so that teams could easily cross. On the southerly side there was a considerable depression of the

land, extending through the center of the little park in front of the Parsons house, which was filled in and graded to its present shape about twenty years ago. A road ran on the easterly side of this park, east of the large elm tree, connecting South and Maple streets, which was closed when the ravine was filled. This Lickingwater crossing was much used. It was in use from the earliest settlement of the town. It was known as the "Lickingwater" crossing, and was the principal place for watering horses and oxen in the center of the town. There was a water-trough near the old town hall, supplied from a reservoir on Prospect street, where the residence of A. McCallum now stands. This water supply was a private affair and was not reliable. There was another water-trough at the foot of Fort hill, supplied from a spring. This was nicely shaded by trees. Another watering place was in the river at "Welch End," below the bridge. Aside from these four public places, there were no others in the center where horses could be watered. The "Lickingwater" crossing was not much used after the railroad to New Haven was built in 1855, and was closed to the public when the dike was built in 1857.

SNUFF-TAKING.

The use of snuff was common sixty years ago. Lorillard's snuff was as famous as Day & Martin's blacking, and large quantities of it were sold at the stores. The women were great snuff-takers. Each woman carried a snuff-box, and it was passed around freely on visiting occasions. The custom gradually disappeared, until thirty to forty years ago a snuff-taker was rarely seen. Dr. Daniel Thompson kept up the practice to the time of his death, but only in a genteel way. He carried a small silver snuff-box in his vest pocket, and only occasionally took a small pinch, from force of habit more than for any other reason.

THE COURT STOPS THE NOISY TINNERS.

One summer day, in the fifties, when court was being held in the old court house, and W. A. Arnold had a tin-shop in the Whitney building, the judge was annoyed by the almost constant hammering of the tinners. He sent an officer to notify Mr. Arnold to have the noise stopped. Mr. Arnold thought that that was an unwarranted interference with his business, and paid no attention to the order. The judge then sent an officer to bring Mr. Arnold into court. He was told that the court had the right of way and that he must have the noise stopped or be held for contempt of court. The noise soon ceased.

FIRST SAVINGS BANK.

It was in 1842 that the Northampton Institution for Savings was started. There had been no savings bank in the town, and Mr. J. H. Butler first conceived the idea of starting one. There was one in Hartford, which was quite successful. Mr. Butler thought one would do well here. Dr. Benjamin Barrett was the first treasurer. The deposits at the end of the first year were $249. The office was in a second-floor room on Pleasant street. I saw Dr. Barrett in his office. It was said that he carried the funds with him in his hat for awhile. He little dreamed that in a little more than fifty years the bank would have deposits and surplus exceeding four and a quarter million dollars.

SETH PARSONS.

A familiar character about town was Seth Parsons, the cripple. He was a simple-minded man, and made his living by selling candy and popcorn, stationing himself for that purpose near the entrance to the post-office. He would make a rhyme for every person who bought of him. His rhymes were flimsy affairs, without special significance. He passed away about 1850.

H. L. HODGES AND H. H. CHILSON.

A man often seen in and about the court house in the years from 1848 to 1863 was Horace L. Hodges. He was a lawyer—a man of quiet demeanor, a pleasant, genial gentleman, and exerted much influence in town and county affairs. He held various offices, was a trial justice, county commissioner, and judge of the court of insolvency during the few years of its existence. In 1863 he entered the United States army and died in the service. The office of the court of insolvency was in the front easterly corner, which had previously been used by Major Harvey Kirkland, register of deeds.

Another lawyer in town was Haynes H. Chilson. He enjoyed the distinction of being for many years the only Democratic lawyer in town. He had an office over Fowle's jewelry store, and was a prominent member of the school board and at times its chairman. He was elected a county commissioner on a fusion ticket, with Deacon Joseph Cummings of Ware, Whig, and Joel Hayden of Williamsburg, Free Soil. He also held the office of trial justice, was assessor of internal revenue in the war times, and postmaster under Buchanan. Previous to settling in Northampton, and while a student in college, he taught a select school in Williamsburg, rounding up his experience there with an exhibition of the forensic, dramatic and musical abilities of his pupils in the dancing hall of Gross Williams's tavern.

RINGING OF THE DEPOT BELL.

A custom that seems queer in the light of the present times was the ringing of the depot bell fifteen minutes before the starting of a train. This was the regular practice at the depot in this town, beginning with the opening of the road, and it was continued until a new depot was built,

THE OLD-FASHIONED SEWING SOCIETIES.

In these modern days little is heard or seen of the old-fashioned "sewing societies," but they were in full swing here along in the forties and fifties. The Old Church sewing society became known about that time as the "Dorcas Society," but the common name for them was the "sewing society." They were promoters of sociability quite as much as of clothing for destitute missionaries. Their fortnightly meetings were occasions of much importance. They met at the houses of the more prosperous people. That was from necessity, as there was no such thing as a church parlor or a church kitchen. The Old Church Dorcas society often met at the house of Capt. Samuel Parsons, where it was sure to have a royal good time. That house was long noted for its generous hospitality and good cheer. The ladies came in the afternoon, and just before tea-time the "men-folks" appeared in large force. In the old days the church vestry had poor accommodations. The Old Church had a vestry in the basement of the present Gazette office, a damp and gloomy place. In 1856 the parish sold its vestry to J. P. Williston for $800, and it was afterward sold to the Center school district, which used it for its two primary schools about ten years, when it was sold to Trumbull & Gere for a printing office. A wooden chapel was erected in 1856, Mr. Williston contributing largely for that purpose. When the new church was erected, in 1876-7, with its chapel and church parlors, the wooden chapel was sold to Dr. Porter Underwood of Holyoke, who moved it to Center street and encased it with a brick wall, to comply with the requirement of the town. The church parlors and kitchen were looked upon by some people as doubtful aids to the church work. Should the people of fifty to seventy-five years ago reappear here now they would be amazed at the change which has come with the introduction of the church parlor and the church kitchen. But they could not deny that the change has been for the better, as it has tended greatly to develop the social element among both old and young.

OLD ENOS KINGSLEY HOUSE, SOUTH STREET.

This old house was torn down in 1900, to make way for the new boulevard road. The house stood almost in the center of that road, nearly opposite the Oliver Bridgman house. It was more than one hundred years old; was owned and occupied by Enos Kingsley in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and in its later years was owned by Deacon Daniel Kingsley and occupied by his brother, Prof. George Kingsley, the music teacher and organist. After the death of Deacon Kingsley the house was sold to George S. Hunt, and his widow lived there when the place was bought by the city for highway uses. The style of the house, with the "lean-to" in the rear, was like that of the Edwin Kingsley house on Main street, shown in the picture on page 55. The white house seen in the rear was the Oliver Bridgman house, then fronting on Clark avenue and now fronting on the new South street. To the left of the Kingsley house are seen the two old brick school houses in the South Street North district, one on each side of School street.

CHAPTER X.

BUSINESS OUTSIDE THE CENTER — SHOP ROW OF OLDEN TIMES — THREE OLD STORES — PEWS FOR COLORED PEOPLE — INCREASE OF READING MATTER — PASSING OF THE FARMER — MONEY SAFE IN THE HOUSES — OWNERSHIP OF PEWS — FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE LAID — GREAT TROUT FISHING — TO SPRINGFIELD AROUND THE OXBOW — NO ICE BUSINESS, COAL BUSINESS, OR CULTIVATED STRAWBERRIES — OLD-TIMES CUSTOM OF CARRYING THE WHIP — THE MILITARY — OSCAR EDWARDS ELECTED COUNCILLOR — STRAIGHTENING MAIN STREET — THE CALIFORNIA GOLD-SEEKERS OF 1849 — OLD CHURCH AND COURT HOUSE RELICS — ANSEL WRIGHT AND HIS SONS, AND WRIGHT & RUST — THE GREAT BANK ROBBERY AND THE MILL RIVER FLOOD DISASTER — GREAT MEN HERE A HALF-CENTURY AGO — PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL LIBERALITY.

> And what is writ is writ,—
> Would it were worthier!
>
> —*Byron.*

Aside from the center of the town, on Main street, and immediately in the rear of the court house, there was but little business done. David B. Whitcomb had his paint-shop on King street, opposite the residence of Squire Wells; William Closson had a small bakery on the canal bank, on what is now State street, a short distance in rear of the present Edwards church; Luther Davis and his sons, Richard and George, had a wagon shop on South street, near the old bridge; the "Lower mill" was run by Silas Perkins, and after him came Silas D. Clark, and the "Upper mill" by David Damon and L. W. Joy. Spencer Clark took toll at the Hadley bridge. William K. Wright had a

wagon shop on the corner of Park and Prospect streets, and soon afterward began tuning pianos. He was a great antiquarian. Lucius Lewis had a blacksmith shop on Allen street, and sold it to Levi I. Clark, who afterward moved his shop to Center street. Joseph Burnell did a small business as cabinet-maker at his place on the brow of the hill at the northerly corner of Green street and College lane, and A. A. Rankin, stone-cutter, had a stone yard on West street. There was not much in a business way done at Florence. George W. Benson, the head of the community of "Bensonites," came to the center regularly every day for his mail, as did Joseph Warner, the silk manufacturer. William Clark was making paper at the paper-mill, now the Rogers cutlery works. The Bay State village was not born, and Florence was only a hamlet. At Leeds Thomas Musgrave was the big man, Benjamin North ranking next. Leeds then was a dirty place. The woolen mill was old and dingy, a low wooden building, and the small one-story tenement houses near by, below the mill, were even dirtier than the mill. A more uninviting place did not exist in this region. Moses Breck was the principal carpenter of the town and employed a considerable number of men. George W. Edwards was his foreman, and Elijah Kingsley, Cyrus and Linus Noble, Summer Clark and Joshua Sibley worked for him regularly many years. Thomas Pratt and his sons, William F. and Charles S. Pratt, were the leading architects, and were also carpenters. Holton, Eells & Co. flourished for a time. Jabez French, Asahel Abell and Hophni Clapp were also carpenters. K. A. Burnell, now and for many years engaged in evangelistic work in the West, had completed his apprenticeship with Moses Breck and soon began to build houses and stores as contractor. The first house he erected was the Orman S. Clark house on Phillips place, built in 1848. In 1850 he built the William Strong house. In 1852 he built the Clarke block. He was a zealous Free Soiler, and still lives to take an honorable pride in his early anti-slavery labors.

THE SHOP ROW OF OLDEN TIMES.

It is unfortunate that there are no photographs of Shop Row as it appeared in these olden times. Mrs. Lesley, in her Recollections of her mother, Mrs. Judge Joseph Lyman, records that sixty to seventy years ago there were ten stores on the Row. Some of them were low, wooden buildings. All the roofs pitched toward the street. The rebuilding and improving of the Row began in the flush war times, when money was abundant. General Cook drew a plan of Shop Row as it was when he came here in 1828, and Henry P. Billings, register of deeds, placed it on the county records, where it may be seen. The stores were small, none of them more than twenty-five feet deep. All were heated with box wood stoves or fireplaces and lighted with whale oil lamps. Heavy wooden blinds were put on some of the front windows at night. Business hours were from 7 a. m. to 9. p. m., with no vacation for either proprietors or clerks, and closing on week days only on Fast-day, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving day. There was no Christmas trade, and Christmas day was scarcely thought of. It was not customary to deliver goods at the houses of customers. When people bought anything at the stores they carried it home. The first delivering of goods was by Winthrop Hillyer, who made his clerks take a barrel of flour on a wheelbarrow and wheel it to the buyer in the center. Andrew S. Wood, when a clerk for Mr. Hillyer, wheeled many a barrel of flour to houses within half a mile of the store. Mr. Wood became a partner of Mr. Hillyer and afterward went to Montreal, where he accumulated a competence. There was work for the clerks in the stores in those days, which the clerks of these later times know little of.

THREE OLD STORES.

There are three stores on Shop Row that have been devoted to the same business since their establishment. These are the drug store of C. B. Kingsley, established by Dr.

Ebenezer Hunt in 1761; the jewelry store of Phelps & Gare, formerly B. E. Cook & Son, established in 1785 by Samuel Stiles, goldsmith; and the bookstore of S. E. Bridgman & Co., established by Simeon Butler in 1797. No change of business in these stores in more than a hundred years. There have been but few changes in the proprietors, and never a financial failure. Handsome fortunes have been made there by most of the owners, by means of industry, frugality and skillful management.

PEWS FOR BLACK MEN AND BLACK WOMEN.

One of the old-time things, which it is best should not be forgotten, were the pews in the old church and the Edwards church set apart for the exclusive use of colored people. Those in the old church were located in the extreme end of the gallery, behind the singers, nearest the door, one for men marked "B. M." and one for women marked "B. W." Those in the Edwards church were also located in the gallery, in the rear of the singers, nearest the door, and were also marked "B. M." and "B. W." They were not much used. I do not remember of ever seeing a colored person in one of them. They were abolished as distinctly pews for negroes before the year 1850. When we read of separate cars for colored people in the South, we should remember this old custom of separate pews for the colored race here in this anti-slavery stronghold.

WONDERFUL INCREASE IN READING MATTER.

One of the great changes which mark the progress of the half-century is in the increase of reading matter. Here the advance has been most remarkable. In the forties there were but a few daily papers taken here. The Daily Springfield Republican, started in 1844, the first daily paper in Western Massachusetts, had but a small circulation here. There was a small bundle sent up first on the stage-coach and after December, 1845, on the morning train, arriving here about nine o'clock. The bundle was taken to one of

the stores on Shop Row, where it was left for each subscriber to call and get his copy. This bundle was at one time taken to the dry goods store of J. I. West & Co., now Fearing's, where it was left on the end of a counter near the door. The number of copies was perhaps about twenty. The number of New York and Boston dailies taken here was small. The weekly paper met the wants of nearly all. Many families had no more than one weekly paper, and in some instances one copy served the purpose of several families in a neighborhood, being passed along from house to house during the week. Payment was made in all sorts of farm products—wood, maple sugar and syrup, butter, eggs, beef, pork, mutton, lamb, sausage, berries, nuts, anything that the printer could use was taken. Some families took a religious paper, mostly the Boston Recorder or the New York Observer or New York Evangelist, and the Missionary Herald found its way into some households. Of magazines there were only a few, and of books the supply was limited. Public libraries were just beginning to be established in the larger places, but there was nothing seen or heard of them in the small country towns.

Behold now the change! The weekly paper no longer meets the public demand for news, and in place of the few dailies that were circulated here, there are now many thousands. There is scarcely a family in the circuit of daily delivery that is without a daily paper, and a thousand perhaps that have more than one. Magazines, weekly reviews, illustrated papers, specialties in art, music, science, sport, mechanism, trades, professions, all sorts and everything, find eager buyers and readers in almost every family. The Sunday papers are poured upon the willing people like a flood. Of books there are hundreds where there was but one. Public libraries are in almost every town and village. The growth of reading matter has indeed been marvelous. And when we stop to consider the effect of this vast increase, the mind fails to grasp its fullness. Information relating to current events in all parts of the world is daily poured into almost every home, and the products of great

intellects from the libraries are readily available. The masses of our people are thus of necessity uplifted, their minds broadened, their judgment shaped, their citizenship refined and ripened. The end is not yet. This process of public education is still advancing. It is a tremendous power. The public school, the academy, the college, the university, these are only the beginning of our great system of popular education.

THE PASSING OF THE FARMER.

The decline of the farming industry in this town has been very marked. About a hundred years ago there were only a few of the population — less than a score perhaps — who were not more or less farmers. As late as fifty years ago farmers were the principal residents of Bridge, Elm, South and Pleasant streets. Large farmers were found in the very center of the town. There were Capt. Samuel Parsons on West street, Horace Cook on College hill, Deacon Enos Clark on Elm street (now the Southwick house), Justin Smith (east of Deacon Clark's), Horace L. Kingsley on Main street, Lewis Parsons on South street, J. Smith Parsons on Maple street, William F. Kingsley on Pleasant street, Elisha Graves on Market street, Lyman Parsons, Josiah Parsons, John B. Graves, Christopher Wright and Luther Clark on Bridge street, Henry Strong on Hawley street, Deacon Aaron Breck on King street, William Strong on Holyoke street, all within five or ten minutes' walk of the court house. Now there are but a few of these farms in existence, not one on Elm street. Mr. Kingsley still holds the fort at the old farm house on Pleasant street, and is the last of a race of agricultural workers who made the town famous in their day.

The feeding of cattle was a great industry here in the winter seasons fifty years ago. There was a good market for fat oxen at Brighton, and thousands of the choicest of fat cattle were annually driven there from the Connecticut valley. The largest feeders of cattle in this town were the

Day Brothers on South street (Nathaniel, Leonard and William). They sometimes had in their barns one hundred and fifty head of cattle, selected for their large size. They took pride in getting the largest oxen they could find in all this region, for which they sometimes paid fancy prices. They also fed great numbers of sheep and at times had one thousand sheep in their yards. Other large feeders were D. Munroe Clapp, Jonathan Strong and Col. Calvin Strong, of South street, John B. Graves of Bridge street, Capt. Samuel Parsons of West street, and Samuel Day of Welch End. This industry was destroyed by the competition of the West, where cattle were grown on government lands free of cost, except the expense of herding them. Farming is now less profitable here than in former years, and less popular. The farmer has gradually given way to the demands of other interests and his lands in the center have been taken for more profitable purposes. The feeding of so many cattle enabled the farmers to turn their hay and grain into cash, and the fertilizer thus obtained enriched the land, making it very productive. Meadow land sold here in the palmy days of the sixties at $300 an acre, and holders of such lands called themselves rich. To-day meadow land is plenty at $50 an acre, with few buyers.

PEOPLE KEPT THEIR MONEY IN THEIR OWN HOUSES.

Not many of the people of the town, aside from a few of the leading business men, did business with the one local bank. The farmers generally kept their money in their own houses. Some of them had hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars on hand at a time. They borrowed of one another. It is related that one of the principal farmers of the town, on loaning a considerable sum of money to one of his brother farmers, declined to take a note for it. Few of the householders locked their doors at night, and such a thing as locking a barn door was not thought of. The "floating population" was small in those days.

OWNERSHIP OF PEWS.

The pews in the Old Church were owned by individuals, and were bought and sold the same as any other personal property. They were valued according to location, some at $20, others at $50 and $75, and the most desirable at $150. They frequently changed ownership, about like other property. The high-priced pews were in the broad aisle. Among the higher-priced pew-owners were Lewis Strong, Eliphalet Williams, Isaac C. Bates, J. P. Williston, Judge Dewey, Dr. Benjamin Barrett, and John Clarke. Parish taxes were assessed upon the pew-owners. This system of pew-ownership prevailed in all the churches in this region, but it was unsatisfactory. It ceased gradually and was discarded by the First Parish about 1856, though some held on to their pews until the meeting-house was burned. Pew-ownership had its advantages, as it gave a family owning a pew an abiding sitting-place in the meeting-house, where it could not be disturbed. The occupants of the pews in the north end of the house, east of the pulpit, about 1850, were Lyman Parsons, Henry Lathrop, J. Stebbins Lathrop, Osmyn Baker, Charles Delano, and Joseph C. Clark; and west of the pulpit were Capt. Samuel Parsons and Charles G. Starkweather.

THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE LAID.

News of the laying of the first Atlantic cable was received in Northampton on the 5th of August, 1858, in the afternoon. The Courier had anticipated its arrival and made arrangements for issuing an extra. As soon as it arrived a small sheet was issued, announcing the great news. There was great excitement among all the people. Everybody was rejoiced. The great cannon was brought out and a salute of thirteen guns fired. The cannon was stationed near the old town hall and was manned by Capt. James H. Weatherell and William F. Kingsley. Every church bell in town was rung for one hour. Three or four editions of the Extra Courier were issued as the news of

the successful laying of the cable arrived, and 3000 to 4000 copies were printed and distributed gratuitously. The extras were printed on a small foot-power press recently bought by John and Lyman Metcalf, job printers.

GOOD TROUT FISHING IN THE OLD TIMES.

Now a few words about the old-times fishing. When a boy I fished the brooks of Williamsburg with great industry, pleasure and success. They seemed larger then than they do now, and were alive with trout. One day, sixty years ago, early in the morning, after a good rain, I went to the head of Unquomonk brook, on Petticoat hill, thinking to have the brook all to myself. But another boy was ahead of me. He was Whitney L. Warner, now a merchant and postmaster in Sunderland, who was then living with his grandfather, Dea. Sylvanus Hubbard, on Petticoat hill. I overtook him a few rods below George Davenport's mow-lot, (how mad Uncle George was to see the boys tramping down his grass), and we fished along together until we reached "Scrub street" road, below Almon Warner's. Our combined catch numbered 275, and included some half-pounders. Meekins brook and the Joe Wright brook were famous trout streams, and large trout were caught from the main river above and below the village. I often saw Abisha Stearns catch trout from under the dam back of his wool-carding mill near the center bridge.

After I came to Northampton I followed the streams with the same zeal and success. There was a little stream west of Florence, flowing from David Lee Child's farm, that always yielded fine trout. Broad brook, that came down from North Farms to Wilkie's pond in Hatfield, was a great trout stream, and I caught many one-pound trout from it. Dennistón's meadow yielded some good ones. The Roberts meadow brooks were then fine fishing streams, and one pound and pound and a half trout were often caught there.

The fishermen were not so plenty in those days as they

are now, but there were some who were very successful. Dr. Meekins, Henry Childs, Jerry Wells, I. N. Kneeland, Lyman Metcalf and Henry O. Edwards were the leading trout fishermen. One afternoon in June, 1853 or 1854, Wells, Metcalf and another went to the streams above Wilkie's saw-mill in West Hatfield. They hitched their horse in the woods where a road crosses the brook some distance above the old Hubbard pond. There was then a dilapidated saw-mill at this pond. Metcalf and the third man went up the two streams above the road, and Jerry went down. Jerry struck the head of the Hubbard pond, and such fishing he had never seen before. The water was literally alive with trout, ranging in size from three to six ounces. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the pond and he fished until it was quite dark. His fellow-fishermen, with nearly empty baskets, waited for him at the wagon and had almost given him up for lost, when he appeared to them loaded down with fish. His basket was full and he had two big strings besides, in all over forty pounds. Naturally his success set the whole party crazy. I was invited to join them the next time they went. Of course I accepted. The day came, Jerry, Metcalf, and I, with one of Samuel Simmons's "cheerful drivers," started for the happy land. It was a cloudy day. We headed up through Elm street and then turned northward, through Franklin street to Slough hill, so as to avoid indicating to Childs and others the place by our course. We approached the pond with the same caution. Presently we got in our work. And such fishing! Nothing like it was ever before known in this region. The trout were as ready for us as we were ready for them. They bit at every drop of the hook. It was fun to the brim for us. Three happier fishermen never baited a hook or cast a line. When we quit fishing we had seventy-eight pounds of trout—Jerry thirty-six, Metcalf eighteen, and I twenty-four. We visited the pond many times afterward, but we never duplicated that catch, though we always had good luck. There was never such a prolific breeding place for trout. They seemed to

grow there spontaneously, like mosquitoes. The pond had been seldom visited by fishermen, but there was one man who knew of it, and for years he had the sport all to himself. That man was Spencer Phelps, who lived near the old Catholic church on King street. He fished for a living and sold his fish to Captain Brewster of the Mansion House. Day after day he went to this pond, walking all the way, waded in, and caught as many as he wanted. He followed this so long that he became crippled by rheumatism and was unable to get to the pond.

In those years, the forties and fifties, the brooks of this region were well stocked with trout. I used to go annually in May, to Capt. Otis Taylor's, on Chester Hill, for several days' fishing. In 1854 I was there four days and caught ten pounds of fine trout each day, from Cook brook and Abbott brook. One hole yielded seventeen trout.

TO SPRINGFIELD AROUND THE OXBOW.

In the forties the travel to Springfield on the west side of the river all had to go by the Fort hill road, around the "oxbow," past the house of Augustus Clapp. The meadow road direct from Maple street to Mount Tom was not built until about 1850. There had been loud calls for it, but Easthampton opposed it, as it threw the cost of the bridge at Mount Tom on to that town. When built it became a great public convenience.

NO ICE BUSINESS, COAL, OR CULTIVATED STRAWBERRIES.

When I came to town, there was no such thing here as the ice business; the cultivation of the strawberry had not begun; and the coal trade was just beginning. Wright & Rust first began to harvest ice, and Lewis McIntyre was the first coal-dealer. The first cultivated strawberries were raised in 1846 by George Kellogg, who lived on the north side of the road, a little distance beyond the Welch End bridge and a few rods west of Samuel Day's. He had a small strawberry bed in front of his house, and he took

some of the berries down to the Herald office, where they produced a sensation.

CARRYING THE WHIP OVER THE SHOULDER.

In the olden times there was a custom which has disappeared with the advancing years. It was almost a universal practice for men when driving a horse in a wagon or "cutter," to carry the whip over the right shoulder. This came from the absence of a place in the vehicle to stand the whip. The whip socket came with the advent of the spring buggy along in the forties, and from that time the old custom of carrying the whip swung over the shoulder began to disappear. It was, however, a fine old custom. How grand the old fellows looked, when riding along with that moderation which was so characteristic of the times, whip in hand and poised over the shoulder at about the angle of a well-sweep at rest. It is rare that this old custom is seen in these later days. But I saw it in the summer of 1902, when riding on an electric car between Haydenville and Williamsburg. There was George Ames of Haydenville, the veteran tinner and stove-dealer. He was riding along, like a Rip Van Winkle, whip in the old-times position, a veritable picture of the men I used to see every day when a boy. How good he looked!—so stately, solid, substantial, contented. It set me right back sixty years. The whips in the old days were not like the fancy whips of modern times. They were made of rattan stocks, covered with leather, and the lash was heavy, with a big bulge at the upper end. Those old whips lasted many years. Peace to the old-timers who carried the upright whip, and honor to the ancient custom!

THE MILITARY COMPANY.

In 1845 there was a flourishing military company here. John B. Augur and William E. Arnold held the office of captain about that time, and Henry Childs was ensign. It was a high honor to be a member of this company. At

about that year. Colonel Throop, a United States army officer, who had been living at Haydenville, was engaged to drill this company. He was a tall, well-built man, a fine military figure, and made an imposing appearance on parade. The parading of the military in Main street was always a notable occasion. The final street performance of training day took place in front of the Warner House, where the company was drawn up for its best endeavors.

OSCAR EDWARDS ELECTED COUNCILLOR.

A political contest that attracted widespread attention was that which resulted in the election of Oscar Edwards of Northampton to the Governor's Council in 1879. The Republican nomination that year was generally conceded to Hampshire, and by all rules of fairness and courtesy it belonged to the Eastern section of the county. Rufus D. Woods of Enfield was the choice of that section, which pressed for his nomination. Unexpectedly the choice fell upon Richmond Kingman of Cummington. There was great dissatisfaction throughout Hampshire county, and the spirit of revolt was in the air. The Democrats nominated Mr. Edwards, and all shades of the opposition rallied to his support with enthusiasm. Hampshire county gave him a majority of 1969, and Hampden county added 1168 to it. Berkshire gave Kingman 758 majority, leaving Mr. Edwards a majority of 2379 in the district. The next year Mr. Woods received the Republican nomination and was elected. Mr. Kingman felt his defeat keenly, and soon after it removed to Battle Creek, Michigan, where he died.

STRAIGHTENING MAIN STREET.

After Osmyn Baker bought of John Tappan the property on the corner of King street, from the Williston lot to the Connecticut River railroad, including the Polly Pomeroy house, then occupied by Prof. Josiah Clark, as stated on page 71, an effort was made by Capt. M. H. Spaulding, C. H. Dickinson, Marvin M. French, William M. Gaylord,

and others, to have the lines of Main street from King street to Market street straightened. None of the present buildings now there on either side had been erected at that time. It was proposed to bring the line on the Pleasant street corner toward Main street about twelve feet so as to have the buildings on that side of the street stand on a line with Shop Row, with no change at the Hampshire House corner. Mr. Baker was to set his line back so as to make it straight from the east corner of the court house lot to the corner of Market street. This would have made the street considerably wider and broken, in part, the bend at Masonic block. For this change Mr. Baker was offered $2,500, but he refused to accept it. After the buildings were erected he regretted that he had not accepted the offer. He also expressed regret that he sold the two wooden buildings and the land on which they stand to Mr. Crouch, as he considered the tenements unsightly and an injury to the adjoining property.

After the negotiations with Mr. Baker failed, the county commissioners were petitioned to make the proposed changes, but they refused. Squire Brewster was chairman of the board at that time, and Mr. Baker made strenuous opposition. Mr. Brewster several years afterward said he feared that the commissioners made a mistake in not granting the prayer of the petitioners, but it was too late then to remedy the matter.

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD SEEKERS OF 1849.

The California gold discoveries in the later forties created great excitement throughout the country, and Northampton had its share of the gold-digging fever. In 1849 a company was organized here, called the Holyoke Mining Company, with Richard Chenery as president. There were twenty-one men in the company, including Richard Chenery, Marshall Hubbard, Horace L. Hodges, Charles G. Starkweather, John Prouty, Ozro C. Wright, William S. Allen, Edwin C. Clark, Barton Bisbee and Nathaniel Tower

of Northampton, Frederick Lyman of Hockanum, Samuel N. Bosworth of Westfield, E. C. Cushing of Perkinsville, Vt., Frederick B. Phelps of Belchertown, J. G. McKindley of Chatham, N. Y., Pliny H. Merrick of Wilbraham, M. Nash Hubbard of Williamsburg, John Fish of Westhampton, Dr. Samuel Reed of Greenfield, Francis Baker of Wilbraham, and Andrew Bradbury, station-master of Connecticut River railroad at Northfield.

The company was composed entirely of young men. Their by-laws and articles of agreement pledged them to industry, to an observance of the Sabbath, and to propriety of conduct in all respects. Each man paid into the joint stock $500, and was bound to labor for the mutual benefit of the company. They agreed to stay one or two years, according to their success. They took with them provisions for five or six months and shipped around the cape an ample supply for two years. They took the Isthmus route and left New York on the sailing vessel S. L. Crowell for Chagres, Feb. 9. They were accompanied by twelve men from Enfield.

On the 2d of February, before starting, a portion of the company were met by their friends in the vestry of the First church, where the Hampshire Gazette is now printed, when prayer was offered by Rev. E. Y. Swift, pastor of that church, and an address made by Rev. George E. Day, pastor of the Edwards church. The speaker enjoined upon those who were about to depart, the observance of temperance and chastity, mutual harmony, adherence to the principles of the gospel, respect for the Sabbath, and the avoidance of profanity and gaming. He likewise reminded them that in the turbid multitude in which they would mingle they would be the representatives of the morals of their town, and finally, the great fact was impressed upon their minds, that there is a treasure to be gained, in a life to come, "vaster, richer, than the mines of Mexico, or the wealth of India." The address was printed in a pamphlet and the company supplied with fifty copies.

It was a difficult task to make the journey across the

Isthmus in those days of poor means of travel, and it was six months before these gold-seekers reached California. When they arrived there many thousands of gold-seekers were thronging in, all filled with the desire to get rich speedily. Most of this company made their way at once to the gold digging regions, but they met with small success there, and soon scattered, each man looking out for himself. Some came back within a year and some remained. Mr. Chenery obtained a government office and remained there until he died. Mr. Starkweather, after trying his luck at digging for gold, went to farming. His brother Alfred went out the next year and the two began farming on a four hundred acre ranch. They were very successful, crops grew luxuriantly, prices were high, the demand good, and each accumulated a handsome sum for those days. Charles Starkweather returned to Northampton after ten years of life in California, and has since lived here. He wanted to go back to California, but his father, Haynes K. Starkweather of South street, was getting old and infirm and needed his help on the old farm, so he stayed here. His brother Alfred returned to Northampton about ten years later, on account of his poor health. After recovering his health, he returned to California, and is now there, engaged in farming. Charles Starkweather is still living in this city, almost eighty-four years of age. Another brother, Haynes K. Starkweather, Jr., druggist, also went to California several years after the "forty-niners" went, and set up a drug-store in Stockton, remaining there four years. He also prospered well. Mr. Merrick died at the gold mines three months after arriving there. Only one other of the original company, Mr. Phelps, is now living. The other members met with varied experience, but none of them fully realized the golden expectations which they entertained when they started from home.

OLD CHURCH AND COURT HOUSE RELICS.

When the Old Church was burned, General Cook obtained one of the large step-stones and had it set on the

curbing in front of his store on Shop Row. It remained there a number of years, when it was removed to his house on Bridge street, where it is still doing its duty.

When the old court house was taken down, the corner stone, a big boulder, was split in the center and one part was taken by William M. Gaylord and the other by Clerk of the Courts William H. Clapp, and set at their houses. Three of the granite posts that stood in front of the court house are now in use on Gothic street for hitching posts.

ANSEL WRIGHT AND HIS SONS—WRIGHT & RUST.

From 1822 to 1870 among the most active men in town were Ansel Wright and his sons, George F. and Ansel Wright, Jr. All were deputy sheriffs, and they did most of the business in that line. Early and late, through storm and calm, heat and cold, they pursued their labors, traveling over the entire county. They were especially vigilant, and it was rare that a criminal eluded them. The elder Wright was often reckless of his own comfort and safety. It was his habit to ride in the severest weather without a buffalo skin or lap-robe. Another of his habits was to leave his horse unhitched, and the animal was often found at considerable distances from the spot where it was left. One time, when he had left his horse in front of the court house, it strayed into the little park in the center of Main street, pulling the buggy over the railing. If he spared not himself, he served his horses in the same way. He was fond of a joke, and had an aptness for telling a story. There was a slight impediment in his speech, which sometimes added to the flavor of his jokes. A woman once asked him about joining the Unitarian church, when he gravely told her that "they were full there, but he presumed she might get in up at the Baptists; and if any vacancy occurred he would let her know." George Wright was a man of remarkable activity, and could transact more business than any other man in town. He had the rare faculty of remembering names; and as constable of the

town he always held the ballot-box at elections and was able to call every man's name as he came up to vote. He was full of elasticity and would jump from his wagon before the horse stopped. He was ever ready to befriend his fellow-men and was a very popular man. He died at an early age, when in the midst of his vigor and usefulness. The Wrights did a large amount of business, not only as deputy sheriffs, but as merchants and ice-dealers. They raised early garden truck, and with their neighbor, Theodore Rust, were about the first in town to engage in that business. The firm of Wright & Rust from 1822 to 1848 was as well known here as that of any concern in the place. Wright block and Rust block still stand as evidence of their industry and success.

BANK ROBBERY AND MILL RIVER FLOOD.

The great bank robbery of Jan. 26, 1876, and the Mill river flood disaster of May 16, 1874, might well claim a place here, but to do them justice would require almost a book in itself, which it is hoped that some prolific writer, inspired by knowledge of these events, will yet issue. Money and securities to the value of nearly a million and a half dollars were stolen from the bank, and one hundred and thirty-six lives were lost by the flood; also one hundred houses and factories destroyed, twenty bridges swept away, many miles of road ruined, and property worth $1,500,000 wiped out. I passed through all the exciting scenes attending both the robbery and the flood. Each of those events stirred this region as it was never stirred before. I saw Edson at work on the bank vault after it had been robbed through information that he gave. I saw the robbers Scott and Dunlap at their trial and when they were sentenced. I saw the excitement of the officers of the bank and the depositors whose securities had been stolen. I saw the crowds of excited people in front of the bank while the vault was being opened. I heard the pleas in the court, the charge of Judge Bacon to the jury, and the sentence of

twenty years' imprisonment. I saw the prisoners after their sentence and when they were taken from the court house to the jail. The twenty-seven years that have passed since the robbery have made sad inroads in the ranks of the principal actors in those exciting scenes. The judge who presided at the trial—the lawyers who conducted the prosecution and the defense—the sheriff and the deputies who were on duty at the time—the jailer who had the custody of the prisoners—all are gone, their voices hushed in death. Only two of the bank officials remain among the living—Oscar Edwards, the president, and Henry R. Hinckley, a director. Of the bank robbers, Scott died in prison, Dunlap was pardoned about a year before his time expired, and Edson, the worst man of the three, who turned against the robbers as he had turned against the bank before the robbery, long since disappeared from public view.

The flood disaster was even more exciting than the bank robbery. I saw the on-rushing flood as it passed through the center of the town on its wild sweep to the sea. A great crowd of people gathered at the old South street bridge to witness the flood pass, and to see, as was believed, the old bridge swept away. As soon as possible I started for Williamsburg to write up the disaster, and remained there over night. People all along the way were excited beyond measure, and gloom, despair, destruction and ruin were spread everywhere along the route of the flood. The roads were filled with excited people for many days afterward. The heart of the public was touched, generous contributions in aid of the sufferers flowed in from all quarters, and the state legislature came to the aid of the smaller town with an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars. The highways and bridges were reconstructed and the waste places were in a measure restored, but the dead were beyond recall, and to the present time traces of the terrible disaster are visible. Ah! those were days of great events, and their sad memory will linger until the last participant in them passes to the world beyond, and the tragic stories will be told and re-told with undiminished interest to the latest generations.

And now, what of the people? Nature may have its charms and be lavish of its beauties, as it is and has been with this goodly town, but something more is needed to give it character and make it the ideal place of residence. The people make the town. If the people of a town are not intelligent, moral, hospitable, progressive, alive to everything that makes for good citizenship and the uplifting of the race, the wealth of its natural advantages counts for little. What, then, of the people of Old Northampton?

I pause here, and with thoughtful mien and uncovered head, contemplate the character of the people of Northampton in the times of which I write, now fifty and sixty years past. It is pleasant to think that the world is growing better, and I believe it is; but, as I look at the men of forty, fifty and sixty years ago in this town, and compare them with the men I see around me to-day, the contrast seems great. Not that there are no men of superior moral and intellectual strength here now, but that the men of old seem so much larger. Strong men they were, big men they were, strong in character, large intellectually, great in ability, marked in individuality, big in achievement, they seem like a race especially fitted for the great work which fell to them to perform. They had not great wealth, nor great means of education, but they had strength of character, and inherited ability, and practical training in the affairs of strenuous life, and they made splendid use of the opportunities which came to them. They tell us that there are just as good and just as strong men to-day as those men of the past; that the men of our youth seem larger to us as we grow older and view them in the distance. They tell us, too, that in the olden days the common people were not so well educated as they are to-day, and that the leading men loomed up in larger proportions by contrast. Perhaps there is truth in this. I have tried to think there is. But, somehow, after making due allowance for these considerations, the feeling that it is not so, in this instance, at least,

lingers and will not depart. I am constrained to believe that the men of the past were of stronger and more stately brand than the men of these times. I have talked with many men and women whose lives run back more than seventy years, and they all tell the same story about the comparative standing of the men of the past and the men of the present.

Tell me where to-day there is a character here the equal of Thomas Shepherd, the friend and supporter of General Jackson and postmaster eleven years. And where is there one who can match Judge Joseph Lyman, clerk of courts twelve years, judge of probate court six years, high sheriff twenty-eight years. And one who is the equal of Isaac C. Bates, the able and eloquent lawyer and United States senator. And where is there so brilliant a man as Erastus Hopkins, whose eloquence charmed even the great Hungarian orator and exile, General Kossuth? And where are the men like Samuel F. Lyman, Charles P. Huntington, and Charles E. Forbes? Point me to a man the equal of John Payson Williston, the able and fearless anti-slavery and temperance reformer and benefactor of his town. And where was there ever an individuality that so impressed himself upon his times like Major Harvey Kirkland, manager of Hampshire Mutual fire insurance company, builder of business blocks, register of deeds twenty-five years, honest, exact and unique in all that he did? And where a man that can match Jonathan Hunt Butler, the perfect gentleman, merchant prince, and genial banker? And, among farmers, tell me, if you can, of a man of strength of mind, and character, and influence, like Captain Samuel Parsons. There were many others here, strong and able men, like Judge Charles A. Dewey, Lewis Strong, Henry Bright, Drs. Daniel and James Thompson, Dr. Benjamin Barrett, Oliver Warner, Samuel L. Hinckley, Sylvester Judd, Dr. Sylvester Graham, Thomas Musgrave, Samuel and Thomas Whitmarsh, William Clark, Osmyn Baker, Charles Delano, Samuel T. Spaulding, Samuel L. Hill, Chauncey Clark. Where are the equals of these men? I

look in vain for them, in the city hall, in our business marts, in the forum of the court room, in the halls of legislation, wherever the town is represented. Gone are they, forever gone, these men of renown in the olden times, representatives of a great generation. Their places are occupied, but are they filled?

PROGRESS IN RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL LIBERALITY.

With the passing of these sixty years there has come a marked change in the religious and political sentiments of the people of the town. In religious matters a half-century ago there was much exclusiveness. The "old church" was the one "established church," to which all others gave the right of way. The Methodists and Baptists were weak in numbers and wealth. The Unitarians were not considered a thoroughly Christian people. The Episcopalians were scarcely better. And as for the Catholics, they were held in fear, and the upper end of King street was thought to be plenty near enough to the center for them. The "free-thinkers" at Florence were considered no better than the Catholics, and by some, not as good. Neither Catholics nor free-thinkers stood any chance of holding a town office.

Behold now, the change! A brotherly feeling has spread its broad wings over all the town. Charity for all and a broad liberality pervade the entire community. All denominations fraternize on a common platform, the central point of Christianity, and all co-operate cordially for the moral and spiritual uplifting of the people. Where all religious sects seek the same end and recognize the same head, it has come to be accepted that all can live and labor together in harmony for its accomplishment. In secular matters, religious distinctions count for little. Few stop to inquire whether a man is of this or that religious denomination, and only his merits are considered.

In the political field, also, the same marked change has taken place. Up to about fifty years ago the town offices were exclusively filled by men of one political and religious

faith. All opponents of that faith were so far regarded as enemies of society and antagonists of the public welfare as to be excluded from official positions. Whether Democrats or Abolitionists, all received the same unqualified condemnation. There was an unction that went with it which attested its genuineness.

Mark the revolution! The blow which shattered this exclusiveness was the anti-slavery movement begun in 1840 by the Abolitionists and which culminated in the Free Soil demonstration of 1848. Since then liberality of opinion has made rapid progress. It has been discovered that all American citizens seek only the good of the town, the state, and the country, and that such differences of opinion as exist relate only to means of attaining the results which all seek to accomplish. In place of intolerance, there is charity. In place of ostracism, there is recognition of individual rights, on the broad basis of character and ability to serve the public.

Thus the world, as it relates to Northampton, has moved forward.

CONCLUSION.

And now, in closing these Reminiscences,—having written more than I at first intended, yet leaving unnoticed much that would be appropriate here; and having written, perhaps, some things which might better have been omitted;—now—

> Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,
> A sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell!
>
> *Byron.*

ERRATA.

On page 84, where it speaks of the stone wall and stairway in front of the old town hall, "as shown in the frontispiece," the reference should be to the picture of Main street on page 28; and on page 99, the name of Charles C. Clapp, one of the members of the Hook and Ladder company, should be Charles E. Clapp.

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